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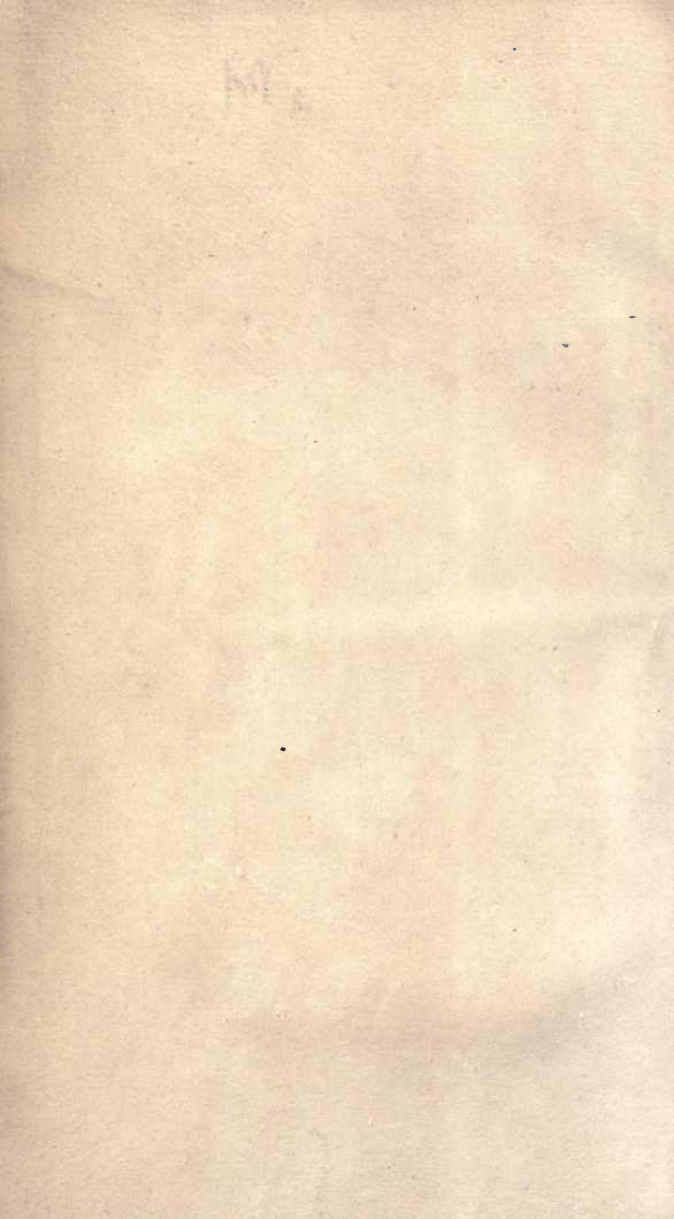
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P O E M S,

MORAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

BY THE LATE

*RICHARD JAGO, A.M.*

(PREPARED FOR THE PRESS, AND IMPROVED BY THE  
AUTHOR, BEFORE HIS DEATH.)

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF MR. JAGO.

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L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, IN PALL-MALL.

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M D C C L X X X I V .

P O E M S

MORAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

BY THE AUTHOR

RICHARD WAGG, A.M.

(PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR AND SOLD BY EVERY  
BOOKSELLER, BRISTOL AND ELSEWHERE)

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SOME ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
LIFE AND WRITINGS  
OF  
MR. JAGO.

---

**T**HE life of a country-clergyman, constantly engaged in the duties of his profession, and the practice of the domestic virtues, however respectable such a character may be, can afford but slender materials to the biographer. But Mr. JAGO being here exhibited to the Public as an Author possessed of a

considerable share of poetical merit, some account of him may be expected, and cannot be uninteresting to those, who, it is presumed, will be pleased with his writings.

The Family of Mr. JAGO was of Cornish extraction: but his father, the Rev. RICHARD JAGO, was rector of Beaufert, in Warwickshire. He married MARGARÉT, the daughter of WILLIAM PARKER, Gent. of Henly in Arden, 1711, by whom he had several children. RICHARD JAGO, the author of these Poems, was his third son, and born the 1st of October 1715. He received a good classical education un-

der

der the Rev. Mr. CRUMPTON, an excellent country school-master, at Solihull, in Warwickshire; where he formed an acquaintance with several gentlemen who were his school-fellows; amongst others, with the late WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq; with whom he corresponded \* on the most friendly terms during life. From school he was entered of University College, Oxford, where he took his degree of Master of Arts, 9th July 1738, having taken orders the year before, and served the curacy of Snitterfield, near Stratford-upon-Avon. In 1744 he married

\* See SHENSTONE'S Works, Vol. III.

DOROTHEA SUSANNA FANCOURT, a daughter of the Rev. Mr. FANCOURT, of Kilmcote in Leicestershire; to which living Mr. JAGO was some years afterwards presented.

For several years after his marriage he resided at Harbury, to which living he was instituted 1746. At a small distance lay Chesterton, given him much about the same time by Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE; the two together amounting to about 100 l. a year. Before his removal from that place, he had the misfortune to lose his amiable companion, who died 1751, leaving him a numerous family of small children;

dren ; and, from such a loss, the most inconsolable widower.

In 1754, Lord CLARE, (now Earl NUGENT,) who had a great regard for him, by his interest with Dr. MADOX, Bishop of Worcester, procured him the vicarage of Snitterfield, where he had formerly been curate ; worth about 140 l. a year : whither he removed, and where he resided the remainder of his life.

In 1759 he married a second wife, MARGARET, the daughter of JAMES UNDERWOOD, Esq. of Rudgeley, in Staffordshire ; who survived him.

Mr.

Mr. JAGO was presented in 1771, by Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, to the living of Kilmcote, before mentioned; worth near 300 l. a year, and resigned the vicarage of Harbury.—During the latter part of his life, as the infirmities of age came upon him, he seldom went far from home. He amused himself at his leisure, in improving his vicarage-house, and ornamenting his grounds, which were agreeably situated, and had many natural beauties.

Mr. JAGO, in his person, was about the middle stature. In his manner, like most people of sensibility, he appeared



peared reserved amongst strangers : amongst his friends he was free and easy ; and his conversation sprightly and entertaining. In domestic life, he was the affectionate husband, the tender parent, the kind master, the hospitable neighbour, and sincere friend ; and both by his doctrine and example, a faithful and worthy minister of the parish over which he presided. After a short illness, he died on the 8th of May 1781, aged 65 years, and was buried, according to his desire, in a vault which he had made for his family in the church at Snitterfield. He had children only by his first wife ; three sons, who died before him, and four

four daughters, three of whom are now living.

To do justice to Mr. JAGO's character as a poet, would require the pen of a more able writer, than the compiler of these memoirs. It may safely be asserted, however, on the authority of the public approbation, which they have already met with, that the pieces on which we rest Mr. JAGO's poetical fame, viz. his Poem of *Edge-Hill*; his Fable of *Labour and Genius*; and his *Elegies*, on the Blackbirds, &c. are all excellent in their kind.

The poem of *Edge-Hill*, though the  
subject

subject is local, and chiefly descriptive, yet Mr. JAGO has contrived to make it *generally* interesting by his historical narrations, and digressive episodes; and by his philosophical disquisitions or moral reflections, particularly the philosophical account of the Origin of Mountains, which is equally curious and poetical. His description of the Earl of LEICESTER'S Entertainment of Queen ELIZABETH, at Kenelworth-castle, which is truly characteristic of that pedantic age: as the moral reflections on the ruins and departed grandeur of that superb structure, is in the best manner of YOUNG, in his Night-Thoughts.

The

The story of the Youth restored to Sight, from the Tatler, is told with so many natural and affecting circumstances, as makes Mr. JAGO's *poetical*, much superior to Sir RICHARD STEELE'S *prose* narration.

The historical account of the important Battle of Kineton, or Edge-Hill, contains some curious facts, not generally known, as well as very suitable reflections, religious and moral, on the fatal effects of civil discord.

The Fable of *Labour and Genius*, the subject of which was suggested by Mr. SHENSTONE, is told with some humour,

mour, and great clearness and precision; with a very useful moral forcibly inculcated.

As for the Elegy on the *Blackbirds*, we need no other proof of its merit, than the violent inclination which some persons have discovered, unjustly to appropriate to themselves the credit of that performance.

When it first appeared, with Mr. JAGO's name to it, in DODSLEY'S *Miscellanies*, a manager of the Bath theatre, with unparalleled effrontery, boasted in the circle of his acquaintance, that *he* was the author of it; and that JAGO

was a fictitious name which he had adopted, from the celebrated tragedy of OTHELLO.

But I was more astonished to find lately, that the excellent Biographer of our English Poets, in his life of GILBERT WEST, should leave this affair still dubious; when it is demonstrable from the very letters of Mr. SHENSTONE, to which Dr. JOHNSON refers, that Mr. JAGO was the real author.

The case seems to have been thus. As Mr. SHENSTONE was fond of communicating any poetical productions of his friends, which he thought would  
do

do them credit; he probably gave a copy of Mr. JAGO's Elegy to the LYTT-ELTON family at Hagley, where Mr. WEST frequently visited. And as Mr. WEST thought it worthy to appear in Dr. HAWKSWORTH's *Adventurer*, he might send it to him without mentioning Mr. JAGO's name, which was then very little known in the world. So that Dr. HAWKSWORTH might well imagine, that Mr. WEST himself was the author of it, as Dr. JOHNSON has hinted. However this may be, there is happily a living evidence, who is able and ready to support indisputably Mr. JAGO's claim to this beautiful elegy; as well as to the others of the *Swal-*

*lows*, and *Goldfinches*; in all which Mr. JAGO's original genius appears, and in which, as THOMSON says, he has

—— ——— ——— ——— “ touch'd

“ A theme unknown to Fame, the passion of the  
“ Groves.”

The poem of Edge-Hill, &c. are here re-printed, as they were corrected, improved, and enlarged by the Author a short time before his death, with some additional pieces which now make their first appearance, in particular the Roundelay written for the Stratford Jubilee, which is beautifully expressive and characteristic of SHAKESPEARE'S versatile genius,



OF MR. J A G O. xxi

nius, and multifarious excellence—All  
which are submitted to the candour of  
the Public, by their obedient

Humble servant,

THE EDITOR.

ON THE  
... and ...  
... which are admitted to the ...  
... the Public, by their obedient

Humble Servant,

THE EDITOR.

to be the Editor. Now it is the reader  
should know, as an apology for this learning  
instructed, that the author intended  
this article under a notion of its being  
FOR A  
laborious, and uninteresting to the reader.

P R E F A C E  
FOR ANY AUTHOR,  
AND  
FOR ANY BOOK.

**T**HE following sheets were fairly transcribed, the title page was adjusted, and every thing, as the writer thought, in readiness for the press, when, upon casting his eyes over them for the last time, with more than usual attention, something seemed wanting, which after a short pause, he perceived

to be the *Preface*. Now it is fit the reader should know, as an apology for this seeming inattention, that he had formerly rejected this article under a notion of its being superfluous, and uninteresting to the reader; but now when matters were come to a crisis, and it was almost too late, he changed his mind, and thought a preface as essential to the figure of a book, as a portico is to that of a building.

Not that the author would insinuate by this comparison, that his paper edifice was entitled to any thing superb and pompous of this sort; but only that it wanted something plain, and decent, between the beggarly style of Quarles, or Ogilby, and the magnificence of the profuse Dryden. Far be it from him, by calling this small appendage to his work by the name of a portico, or an antichamber, or a vestibule, or the like,

to raise the reader's expectations, or to encourage any ideas but those of the most simple kind, as introductory to his subsequent entertainment: neither would he, like some undertakers in literary architecture, bestow as much expence on the entrance, as prudently managed, might furnish the lofty town apartments, or pastoral villa of a modern poet. On the contrary, he reserves all his finery of carving and gilding, as well as his pictures, and cabinets for their proper places within.

But for the further illustration of his meaning he chuses to have recourse to allusions more nearly related to his subject, such as the prelude to a song, or the prologue to a play, there being evidently a great affinity between rhiming and fiddling, writing verses, and playing the fool.

Another consideration which greatly influenced

fluenced the author in this point, was, the respect which he bears to the Public. For conceiving himself now in the very act of making his appearance before every circle of the polite, and learned world, he was struck with awe, and felt as if he had been guilty of some indecorum, like a person abruptly breaking into good company with his hat on, or without making a bow. For though by his situation in life he is happily reliev'd from any personal embarrassment of this kind, yet he considers his book as his proxy, and he would by no means have his proxy guilty of such an impropriety as to keep his hat on before all the learned men of Europe, or to omit making his bow upon being admitted to an audience, or presented in the drawing-room.

Great is the force of this little article of gesticulation, from the lowest class of orators

tors in the street, to those in the highest departments in life; insomuch that it has been thought, a prudent, attentive, and skilful manager, either on the stage, or at the bar, as well as the bowing Dean in his walk, may acquire as much success, amongst polite, and well-bred people, and particularly the ladies, who are the best judges, by the magic of his bow, as by any other part of his action, or oratory.

Yet, notwithstanding all that the author has said concerning this external mark of reverence, he is sensible that there is a set of cynical philosophers, who are so far from paying it due regard, that they count it no better than a refined species of idolatry, and an abomination utterly unbecoming so noble and erect a creature as man. Upon these gentlemen it is not to be expected that the best bow which the author, or his book could  
 make,

make, would have any effect; and therefore he shall decline that ceremony with them, to take them by the hand in a friendly manner, hoping that they will make some allowance for his having been taught against his own consent to dance, and scribble from his infancy.

He is aware likewise that there is another sect of philosophers, whom his ingenious friend Mr. G. author of the *Spiritual Quixote*, distinguishes by the name of *censorious Christians*, “who,” as he expresses it, “will not suffer a man to nod in his elbow-chair, or to talk nonsense without contradicting or ridiculing him.”—But as the writer of this admirable work has shewn himself so able, and successful a casuist in a similar instance of a petulant, and over officious zeal, he hopes these gentlemen will, in imitation of Mr. Wildgoose, for the fu-



ture refrain from a practice so injurious to their neighbours repose, and so contrary to all the laws of civility and good manners.

It is true, some of these literati may be considered under a more formidable character, from their custom of holding a monthly meeting, or office for arraigning the conduct of all whom they suspect of maintaining heretical opinions contrary to their jurisdiction. In this view these good fathers scruple not to put an author upon the rack for the slightest offence, and not content with their claims of inspiration and infallibility, will torture his own words to prove his guilt. In the execution of this office they judge all men by their own standard, and like the tyrant PROCRUSTES, regardless of the acute pain they inflict at every stroke, will lop off a foot, or any other portion of an author's matter, or lengthen it out, as

best

best suits their purpose, to bring him to their measure.

But to the inexpressible comfort of himself, and of every free-born English writer, the author reflects that the competence of such a court cannot be admitted in a protestant country; and to speak the truth, from experience, its power, as exercised amongst us, though still very tremendous, is tempered with a gentleness, and moderation unknown to those of Spain and Portugal.

But though the author is not without hopes, by his complaisance, and condescension, to conciliate the affections of all those various sects of the learned in every part of the world, yet his principal dependance is upon the gentle, and humane, whose minds are always open to the feelings of others, as well as to the gratification of their own refined taste, and sentiments; and  
to

A P R E F A C E.      xxxi

to these he makes his appeal, which he hopes they will accept as a tribute due to their superior merit, and a testimony of the profound respect, with which he is their

Most obedient,

Humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

EDGE-

A. B. E. D. A. G. R. 2221

to which he makes the appeal, which he  
hopes they will accept as a tribute due to  
their superior merit, and a testimony of the  
profound respect, with which he is their

Most obedient

Humble servant

THE AUTHOR

EDG 2

E D G E - H I L L :

A

P O E M.

In F O U R B O O K S.

THE SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

“ Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,  
“ Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis, et artes  
“ Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.”

VIRG.

B

“ Our Sight is the most perfect, and most delightful of  
“ all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety  
“ of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance,  
“ and continues the longest in action without being tired,  
“ or satiated with its proper enjoyment.”

SPECT. N° 411, On the Plea-  
sures of Imagination.

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## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE following Poem takes its name from a ridge of hills, which is the boundary between the counties of Oxford and Warwick, and remarkable for its beautiful and extensive prospect, of which the latter forms a considerable part. This circumstance afforded the writer an opportunity, very agreeable to him, of paying a tribute to his native country, by exhibiting its beauties to the public in a poetical delineation; divided, by an imaginary line, into a number of distinct scenes, corresponding with the different times of the day, each forming an entire picture, and containing its due proportion of objects and colouring.

In the execution of this design, he endeavoured to make it as extensively interesting as he could, by the frequent introduction of general reflections, historical, philosophical, and moral; and to enliven the description by digressions and episodes, naturally arising from the subject.



E D G E - H I L L .

---

B O O K I .

M O R N I N G .

ARGUMENT TO BOOK THE FIRST.

*The Subject propos'd. Address. Ascent to the Hill. General View. Comparison. Philosophical Account of the Origin and Formation of Mountains, &c. Morning View, comprehending the South-West Part of the Scene, interspers'd with Elements and Examples of rural Taste; shewing, at the same Time, its Connexion with, and Dependance upon Civil Government; and concluding with an Historical Episode of the Red-Horse.*

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---

E D G E - H I L L.

---

B O O K I.

M O R N I N G.

**B**RITANNIA's rural charms, and tranquil scenes,  
Far from the circling ocean, where her fleets,  
Like \* Eden's nightly guards, majestic ride,  
I sing; O may the theme and kindred soil  
Propitious prove, and to th' appointed hill  
Invite the Muses from their cloister'd shades,  
With me to rove, and harmonize the strain!

\* MILTON. *Paradise Lost*, Book iv.

Nor shall they, for a time, regret the loss  
Of their lov'd ISIS, and fair CHERWEL's stream,  
While to the north of their own beauteous fields  
The pictur'd scene they view, where AVON shapes  
His winding way, enlarging as it flows,  
Nor hastes to join SABRINA's prouder wave.  
Like a tall rampart! here the mountain rears  
Its verdant edge; and, if the tuneful Maids  
Their presence deign, shall with PARNASSUS vie.  
Level, and smooth the track, which thither leads!  
Of champaign bold and fair! Its adverse side  
Abrupt, and steep! Thanks, MILLER \*! to thy paths,  
That ease our winding steps! Thanks to the fount,  
The trees, the flow'rs, imparting to the sense  
Fragrance or dulcet sound of murn'ring rill,  
And stilling ev'ry tumult in the breast!  
And oft the stately tow'rs, that overtop  
The rising wood, and oft the broken arch,  
Or mould'ring wall, well taught to counterfeit  
The waste of time, to solemn thought excite,  
And crown with graceful pomp the shaggy hill.

\* SANDERSON MILLER, Esquire, of Radway.

\* So Virtue paints the steep ascent to fame :  
So her aerial residence displays.

Still let thy friendship, which prepar'd the way,  
Attend, and guide me, as my ravish'd sight  
O'er the bleak hill, or shelter'd valley roves.  
Teach me with just observance to remark  
Their various charms, their storied fame record,  
And to the visual join the mental search.

The summit's gain'd ! and, from its airy height,  
The late-trod plain looks like an inland sea,  
View'd from some promontory's hoary head,  
With distant shores environ'd ; not with face  
Glassy, and uniform, but when its waves  
Are gently ruffled by the southern gale,  
And the tall masts like waving forests rise.

Such is the scene ! that, from the terrac'd hill,  
Displays its graces ; intermixture sweet  
Of lawns and groves, of open and retir'd.  
Vales, farms, towns, villas, castles, distant spires,  
And hills on hills, with ambient clouds enrob'd,

\* See Lord SHAFTSBURY's Judgment of Hercules,

In long succession court the lab'ring fight,  
Lost in the bright confusion. Thus the youth,  
Escap'd from painful drudgery of words,  
Views the fair fields of science wide display'd;  
Where PHOEBUS dwells, and all the tuneful Nine;  
Perplext awhile he stands, and now to this,  
Now that blest seat of harmony divine  
Explores his way, with giddy rapture tir'd:  
Till some sage MENTOR, whose experienc'd feet  
Have trod the mazy path, directs his search,  
And leads him wond'ring to their bright abodes.  
Come then, my Friend! guide thou th' advent'rous  
Muse,

And, with thy counsel, regulate her flight.

Yet, ere the sweet excursion she begins,  
O! listen, while, from sacred records drawn,  
My daring song unfolds the cause, whence rose  
This various face of things—of high, and low—  
Of rough, and smooth. For with its parent earth  
Coeval not prevail'd what now appears  
Of hill and dale; nor was its new-form'd shape,  
Like a smooth, polish'd orb, a surface plain,

Wanting

Wanting the sweet variety of change,  
 Concave, convex, the deep, and the sublime:  
 Nor, from old Ocean's watry bed, were scoop'd  
 Its neighb'ring shores; nor were they now depress'd,  
 Now rais'd by sudden shocks; but fashion'd all  
 In perfect harmony, by \* laws divine,  
 On passive matter, at its birth impress'd.

WHEN now two days, as mortals count their  
 time,

Th' ALMIGHTY had employ'd on man's abode;  
 To motion rous'd the dead, inactive mass,  
 The dark illumin'd, and the parts terrene  
 Impelling each to each, the circle form'd,

\* Amongst the many fanciful conceits of writers on the subject, a learned Divine, in his Confutation of Dr. BURNETT'S Theory, supposes that hills and mountains might be occasioned by fermentation, after the manner of leaven in dough; while others have attributed their production to the several different causes mentioned above.

The following solution, by the descent of water from the surface of the earth to the center, seem'd most easy, and natural to the author, and is therefore adopted. Vid. WARREN'S Geologiæ, 1698.

Compact,

Compact, and firm, of earth's stupendous orb,  
With boundless seas, as with a garment cloath'd,  
On the third morn he bade the waters flow  
Down to their place, and let dry land appear ;  
And it was so. Strait to their destin'd bed,  
From every part, th' obedient waters ran,  
Shaping their downward course, and, as they found  
Resistance varying with the varying soil,  
In their retreat they form'd the gentle slope,  
Or headlong precipice, or deep-worn dale,  
Or valley, stretching far its winding maze,  
As farther still their humid train they led,  
By Heav'n directed to the \* realms below.

Now first was seen the variegated face  
Of earth's fair orb shap'd by the plastic flood :  
Now smooth and level like its liquid plains,  
Now, like its ruffled waves, sweet interchange  
Of hill and dale, and now a rougher scene,  
Mountains on mountains list'd to the sky.

\* Called in scripture, the deep, the great deep, the deep that lieth under, or beneath the earth—the Tartarus or Erebus of the Heathens,



Such was her infant form, yet unadorn'd!  
And in the naked soil the subtle \* stream  
Fretted its winding track. So He ordain'd!  
Who form'd the fluid mass of atoms small,  
The principles of things! who moist from dry,  
From heavy feyer'd light, compacting close  
The solid glebe, stratum of rock, or ore,  
Or crumbly marl, or close tenacious clay,  
Or what beside, in wond'rous order rang'd,  
Orb within orb, earth's secret depths contains.

So was the shapely sphere, on ev'ry side,  
With equal pressure of surrounding air  
Sustain'd, of sea and land harmonious form'd.  
Nor beauteous cov'ring was withheld, for strait,  
At the divine command, the verd'rous grass  
Upsprang unsown, with ev'ry seedful herb,

\* ————— So the watry throng  
With serpent error wand'ring found their way,  
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore.  
Easy! ere GOD had bid the ground be dry,  
All but within those banks, where rivers now  
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.

MILTON. Paradise Lost, Book vii.

Fruit, plant, or tree, pregnant with future store;  
 God saw the whole—And lo! 'twas very good.  
 But man, ungrateful man! to deadly ill  
 Soon turn'd the good bestow'd, with horrid crimes  
 Polluting earth's fair seat, his Maker's gift!  
 Till mercy cou'd no more with justice strive.

Then wrath divine unbarr'd Heav'n's watry gates,  
 And loos'd the fountains of the great abyfs.  
 Again the waters o'er the earth prevail'd.  
 Hills rear'd their heads in vain. Full forty days  
 The flood increas'd, nor, till sev'n moons had wan'd,  
 Appear'd the mountain-tops. Perish'd all flesh,  
 One family except! and all the works  
 Of Art were swept into th' oblivious pool.  
 In that dread time what change th' avenging flood  
 Might cause in earth's devoted fabric, who  
 Of mortal birth can tell? Whether again  
 'Twas to its first chaotic \* mass reduc'd,  
 To be reform'd anew? or, in its orb,  
 What violence, what † disruptions it endur'd?

\* According to Mr. HUTCHINSON and his followers.

† According to Dr. BURNETT's Theory.

What ancient mountains stood the furious shock?  
What new arose? For doubtless new there are,  
If all are not; strong proof exhibiting  
Of later rise, and their once fluid state,  
By stranger-fossils, in their inmost bed  
Of looser mould, or marble rock entomb'd,  
Or shell marine, incorp'rate with themselves:  
Nor less the \* conic hill, with ample base,  
Or scarry \* slope by rushing billows torn,  
Or \* fissure deep, in the late delug'd soil  
Cleft by succeeding drought, side answering side,  
And curve to adverse curve exact oppos'd,  
Confess the watry pow'r; while scatter'd trains,  
Or rocky fragments, wash'd from broken hills,  
Take up the tale, and spread it round the globe.  
Then, as the flood retir'd, another face  
Of things appear'd, another, and the same!

\* There are some remarkable traces of the great event here treated of, in each of these kinds, at Welcombe, near Stratford upon Avon, formerly a seat of the COMBE family, the whole scene bearing the strongest marks of some violent conflict of Nature, and particularly of the agency of water.

Taurus, and Libanus, and Atlas feign'd  
 To prop the skies! and that fam'd Alpine ridge,  
 Or Appenine, or snow-clad Caucasus,  
 Or Ararat on whose emergent top  
 First moor'd that precious barque, whose chosen crew  
 Again o'erspread earth's universal orb.  
 For now, as at the first, from ev'ry side  
 Hasted the waters to their ancient bounds,  
 The vast abyfs! perhaps from thence ascend,  
 Urg'd by th' incumbent air, thro' mazy clefts  
 Beneath the deep, or rise in vapours warm,  
 Piercing the vaulted earth, anon condens'd  
 Within the lofty mountains' secret cells,  
 Ere they their summit gain, down their steep sides  
 To trickle in a never-ceasing \* round.

So

\* May not the ebbing and flowing of the sea, to whatever cause it is owing, tend to assist this operation, as the pulsation of the heart accelerates the circulation of the blood in animal bodies?

The reader may see this hypothesis very ably supported by Mr. CATCOT, in his Essay on the Deluge, 2d edit. together with many respectable names, ancient and modern, by whom it is patronized. The following passage from

LUCRETIVS

So up the porous stone, or crystal tube  
 The philosophic eye with wonder views  
 The tinctur'd fluid rise; so tepid dews  
 From chymic founts in copious streams distil.

Such is the structure, such the wave-worn face  
 Of Earth's huge fabric! beauteous to the sight,  
 \* And stor'd with wonders, to th' attentive mind  
 Confirming, with persuasive eloquence  
 Drawn from the rocky mount, or watry fen,  
 Those sacred pages, which record the past,  
 And awfully predict its future doom.

LUCRETIVS is quoted by him, as well expressing their general meaning.

Partim quod subter per terras diditur omnes,  
 Percolatur enim virus, retroque remanat  
 Materies humoris, et ad caput amnibus omnis  
 Convenit, unde super terras fluit agmine dulci,  
 Quà via secta semel liquido pede detulit undas.

\* Trees of a very large size, torn up by the roots, and other vegetable and animal bodies, the spoils of the deluge, are found in every part of the earth, but chiefly in fens, or bogs, or amongst peat-earth, which is an assemblage of decayed vegetables.

See WOODWARD'S Nat. Hist. of the Earth, &c.

Now, while the sun its heav'nly radiance sheds  
 Across the vale, disclosing all its charms,  
 Emblem of that fair Light, at whose approach  
 The Gentile darkness fled! ye nymphs, and swains!  
 Come haste with me, while now 'tis early morn,  
 Thro' UPTON's \* airy fields, to where yon' point  
 Projecting hides NORTHAMPTON's ancient seat †  
 Retir'd, and hid amidst surrounding shades:  
 Counting a length of honourable years,  
 And solid worth; while painted BELVIDERES,  
 Naked, aloft, and built but to be seen,  
 Shrink at the sun, and totter to the wind.

So sober Sense oft shuns the public view,  
 In privacy conceal'd, while the pert sons  
 Of Folly flutter in the glare of day.

Hence, o'er the plain, where strip'd with alleys  
 green,

The golden harvest nods, let me your view

\* UPTON, the seat of ROBERT CHILD, Esq.

† COMPTON-WINYATE, a seat of the Right Hon. the  
 Earl of NORTHAMPTON, at the foot of EDGE-HILL.

Progressive lead to \* VERNEY's sister walls,  
Alike in honour, as in name allied !  
Alike her walls a noble master own,  
Studious of elegance. At his command,  
New pillars grace the dome with Grecian pomp  
Of Corinth's gay design. At his command,  
On hill, or plain, new culture cloaths the scene  
With verdant grass, or variegated grove ;  
And bubbling rills in sweeter notes discharge  
Their liquid stores. Along the winding vale,  
At his command, observant of the shore,  
The glitt'ring stream, with correspondent grace,  
Its course pursues, and o'er th' exulting wave  
The stately bridge a beauteous form displays.  
On either side, rich as th' embroider'd floor  
From Persia's gaudy looms, and firm as fair,  
The chequer'd lawns with count'nance blithe proclaim  
The Graces reign. Plains, hills, and woods reply  
The Graces reign, and Nature smiles applause.  
Smile on, fair source of beauty, source of blifs !

\* COMPTON-VERNEY, a seat of the Right Hon. Lord  
WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

To crown the master's cost, and deck her path  
 Who shares his joy, of gentlest manners join'd  
 With manly sense, train'd to the love refin'd  
 Of Nature's charms in \* WROXTON's beauteous groves.

Thy neighb'ring villa's ever open gate,  
 And festive board, O † WALTON! next invite  
 The pleasing toil. Unwilling who can pay  
 To thee the votive strain? For Science here,  
 And Candour dwell, prepar'd alike to cheer  
 The stranger-guest, or for the nation's weal  
 To pour the stores mature of wisdom forth,  
 In senatorial councils often prov'd,  
 And, by the public voice attested long,  
 Long may it be! with well-deserv'd applause.  
 And see, beneath the shade of full-grown elm,  
 Or near the border of the winding brook,  
 Skirting the grassy lawn, her polish'd train  
 Walks forth to taste the fragrance of the grove,

\* WROXTON, the seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of  
 GUILFORD, father of Lady WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

† WALTON, the seat of Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT, Bart.  
 many years a Member of Parliament for the county of  
 WARWICK.

Woodbine,



Woodbine, or rose, or to the upland scene  
Of wildly-planted hill, or trickling stream  
From the pure rock, or moss-lin'd grottos cool,  
The Naiads' humid cell! protract the way  
With learned converse, or ingenuous song.  
The search pursue to \* CHARLECOTE's fair domain,  
Where AVON's sportive stream delighted strays  
Thro' the gay smiling meads, and to his bed,  
HELE's gentle current woos, by LUCY's hand  
In ev'ry graceful ornament attir'd,  
And worthier, such, to share his liquid realms!  
Near, nor unmindful of th' increasing flood,  
STRATFORD her spacious magazines unfolds,  
And hails th' unwieldy barge from western shores,  
With foreign dainties fraught, or native ore  
Of pitchy hue, to pile the fewell'd grate  
In woolly stores, or husky grain repay'd.  
To speed her wealth, lo! the proud Bridge † extends

\* CHARLECOTE, the seat of GEORGE LUCY, Esq.

† This Bridge was built in the reign of K. HENRY VII.  
at the sole cost and charge of Sir HUGH CLOPTON, Knt.  
Lord Mayor of the City of LONDON, and a native of this  
place.

His num'rous arches, stately monument  
 Of old munificence, and pious love  
 Of native soil! There STOWER exulting pays  
 His tributary stream, well pleas'd with wave  
 Auxiliary her pond'rous stores to waft;  
 And boasting, as he flows, of growing fame,  
 And wond'rous beauties on his banks display'd—  
 Of ALSCOT'S \* swelling lawns, and fretted spires  
 Of fairest model, Gothic, or Chinese—  
 Of EATINGTON'S †, and TOLTON'S ‡ verdant meads,  
 And groves of various leaf, and HONINGTON §,  
 Profuse of charms, and Attic elegance;  
 Nor fails he to relate, in jocund mood,  
 How liberally the masters of the scene  
 Enlarge his current, and direct his course  
 With winding grace—and how his crystal wave

\* The seat of JAMES WEST, Esq.

† The seat of the Hon. GEORGE SHIRLEY, Esq.

‡ The seat of Sir HENRY PARKER, Bart.

§ The seat of JOSEPH TOWNSHEND, Esq.

Reflects th' inverted spires, and pillar'd domes—  
And how the frisking deer play on his sides,  
Pict'ring their branched heads, with wanton sport,  
In his clear face. Pleas'd with the vaunting tale,  
Nor jealous of his fame, AVON receives  
The prattling stream, and, towards thy nobler flood,  
SABRINA fair, pursues his length'ning way.

Hail, beauteous AVON, hail! on whose fair banks  
The smiling daisies, and their sister tribes,  
Violets, and cuckow-buds, and lady-smocks,  
A brighter dye disclose, and proudly tell  
That SHAKESPEARE, as he stray'd these meads along,  
Their simple charms admir'd, and in his verse  
Preserv'd, in never-fading bloom to live.

And thou, whose birth these walls unrival'd boast,  
That mock'st the rules of the proud Stagyrice,  
And Learning's tedious toil, hail mighty Bard!  
Thou great Magician hail! Thy piercing thought  
Unaided saw each movement of the mind,  
As skilful artists view the small machine,  
The secret springs and nice dependencies,

And to thy mimic scenes, by fancy wrought  
 To such a wond'rous shape, th' impassion'd breast  
 In floods of grief, or peals of laughter bow'd,  
 Obedient to the wonder-working strain,  
 Like the tun'd string responsive to the touch,  
 Or to the wizard's charm, the passive storm.  
 Humour and wit, the tragic pomp, or phrase  
 Familiar flow'd, spontaneous from thy tongue,  
 As flowers from Nature's lap.—Thy potent spells  
 From their bright seats aerial sprites detain'd,  
 Or from their unseen haunts, and slumb'ring shades  
 Awak'd the fairy tribes, with jocund step  
 The circled green, and leafy hall to tread:  
 While, from his dripping caves, old Avon sent  
 His willing Naiads to their harmless rout.

Alas! how languid is the labour'd song,  
 The slow result of rules, and tortur'd sense,  
 Compar'd with thine! thy animated thought,  
 And glowing phrase! which art in vain essays,  
 And schools can never teach. Yet, though deny'd  
 Thy pow'rs, by situation more allied,

I court the genius of thy sportive Muse  
 On AVON'S bank, her sacred haunts explore,  
 And hear in ev'ry breeze her charming notes.

Beyond these flow'ry meads, with classic streams  
 Enrich'd, two sister rills their currents join,  
 And IKENILD displays his Roman pride.

There ALCESTER \* her ancient honour boasts.

But fairer fame, and far more happy lot

She boasts, O RAGLEY †! in thy courtly train

Of HERTFORD'S splendid line! Lo! from these

shades,

Ev'n now his sov'reign, studious of her weal,

Calls him to bear his delegated rule

To BRITAIN'S sister isle. HIBERNIA'S sons

Applaud the choice, and hail him to their shore

With cordial gratulation. Him, well-pleas'd

With more than filial rev'rence to obey,

BEAUCHAMP attends. What son, but wou'd rejoice

\* So called from its situation on the river ALENUS, or ALNE, and from its being a *Roman* station on the IKENILD-STREET.

† A seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of HERTFORD.

The deeds of such a father to record !  
 What father, but were blest in such a son !  
 Nor may the Muse omit with CONWAY'S \* name  
 To grace her song. O ! might it worthy flow  
 Of those her theme involves ! The cyder-land,  
 In Georgic strains, by her own PHILIPS sung,  
 Shou'd boast no brighter fame, though proudly grac'd  
 With loftiest-titled names—The CECIL line,  
 Or BEAUFORT'S, or, O CHANDOIS ! thine, or his  
 In ANNA'S councils high, her fav'rite peer,  
 HARLEY ! by me still honour'd in his race.

See, how the pillar'd isles and stately dome  
 Brighten the woodland-shade ! while scatter'd hills,  
 Airy, and light, in many a conic form,  
 A theatre compose, grotesque and wild,  
 And, with their shaggy sides, contract the vale  
 Winding, in straiten'd circuit, round their base.  
 Beneath their waving umbrage FLORA spreads  
 Her spotted couch, primrose, and hyacinth

\* The Right Hon. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY, Esq;  
 one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, and  
 brother to the Right Hon. the Earl of HERTFORD.

Profuse, with ev'ry simpler bud that blows  
 On hill or dale. Such too thy flow'ry pride  
 O HEWEL \*! by thy master's lib'ral hand  
 Advanc'd to rural fame! Such UMBERSLADE †!  
 In the sweet labour join'd, with culture fair,  
 And splendid arts, from ARDEN's ‡ woodland shades  
 The pois'nous damp, and savage gloom to chase.

What happy lot attends your calm retreats,  
 By no scant bound'ry, nor obstructing fence,  
 Immur'd, or circumscrib'd; but spread at large  
 In open day: save what to cool recess  
 Is destin'd voluntary, not constrain'd  
 By sad necessity, and casual state  
 Of sickly peace! Such as the moated hall,  
 With close circumference of watry guard,  
 And penfile bridge proclaim! or, rear'd aloft,  
 And inaccessible the massy tow'rs,  
 And narrow circuit of embattled walls,

\* The seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of PLYMOUTH.

† The seat of the Right Hon. Lord ARCHER.

‡ The forest, or woodland part of WARWICKSHIRE.

Rais'd on the mountain-precipice! Such thine  
 O BEAUDESERT\*! old MONTFORT's lofty feat!  
 Haunt of my youthful steps! where I was wont  
 To range, chaunting my rude notes to the wind,  
 While SOMERVILLE disdain'd not to regard  
 With candid ear, and regulate the strain.

Such was the genius of the Gothic age,  
 And NORMAN policy! Such the retreats  
 Of BRITAIN's ancient Nobles! less intent  
 On rural beauty, and sweet patronage  
 Of gentle arts, than studious to restrain,  
 With servile awe, Barbarian multitudes;  
 Or, with confed'rate force, the regal pow'r  
 Controul. Hence proudly they their vassal troops  
 Assembling, now the fate of empire plann'd:  
 Now o'er defenceless tribes, with wanton rage,  
 Tyrannic rul'd; and, in their castled halls  
 Secure, with wild excess their revels kept,  
 While many a sturdy youth, or beauteous maid,  
 Sole solace of their parents' drooping age!

\* So called, from its pleasant rural situation.



Bewail'd their wretched fate, by force compell'd  
To these abhorr'd abodes! Hence frequent \* wars,  
In ancient annals fam'd! Hence haply feign'd  
Th' enchanted castle, and its cursed train  
Of giants, spectres, and magicians dire!  
Hence gen'rous minds, with indignation fir'd,  
And threat'ning fierce revenge, were character'd  
By gallant knights on bold achievements bent,  
Subduing monsters, and dissolving spells.

Thus, from the rural landscape, learn to know  
The various characters of time and place.  
To hail, from open scenes, and cultur'd fields,  
Fair Liberty, and Freedom's gen'rous reign,  
With guardian laws, and polish'd arts adorn'd.  
While the portcullis huge, or moated fence  
The sad reverse of savage times betray—  
Distrust, barbarity, and Gothic rule.

Wou'd ye, with faultless judgment, learn to plan  
The rural seat? To copy, as ye rove,  
The well-form'd picture, and correct design?  
First shun the false extremes of high, and low.

\* Called the Barons wars.

With watry vapours this your fretted walls  
Will soon deface; and that, with rough assault,  
And frequent tempests shake your tott'ring roof.  
Me most the gentle eminence delights  
Of healthy champaign, to the sunny south  
Fair-op'ning, and with woods, and circling hills,  
Nor too remote, nor, with too close embrace,  
Stopping the buxom air, behind enclos'd.  
But if your lot hath fall'n in fields less fair,  
Consult their genius, and, with due regard  
To Nature's clear directions, shape your plan.  
The site too lofty shelter, and the low  
With sunny lawns, and open areas chear.  
The marsh drain, and, with capacious urns,  
And well-conducted streams refresh the dry.  
So shall your lawns with healthful verdure smile,  
While others, sick'ning at the sultry blaze,  
A ruffet wild display, or the rank blade,  
And matted tufts the careless owner shame.  
Seek not, with fruitless cost, the level plain  
To raise aloft, nor sink the rising hill.  
Each has its charms tho' diff'rent, each in kind

Improve,

Improve, not alter.    Art with art conceal.  
 Let no strait terrac'd lines your slopes deform.  
 No barb'rous walls restrain the bounded fight.  
 But to the distant fields the closer scene  
 Connect.    The spacious lawn with scatter'd trees  
 Irregular, in beauteous negligence,  
 Clothe bountiful.    Your unimprison'd eye,  
 With pleasing freedom, thro' the lofty maze  
 Shall rove, and find no dull satiety.  
 The sportive stream with stiffen'd line avoid  
 To torture, nor prefer the long canal,  
 Or labour'd fount to Nature's easy flow.  
 Your winding paths, now to the sunny \*gleam  
 Directed, now with high embow'ring trees,  
 Or fragrant shrubs conceal'd, with frequent seat,  
 And rural structure deck.    Their pleasing form  
 To fancy's eye suggests inhabitants  
 Of more than mortal make, and their cool shade,  
 And friendly shelter to refreshment sweet,  
 And wholesome meditation shall invite.

\* Hæc amat obscurum, volet hæc sub luce videri.

To ev'ry structure give its proper site.  
Nor, on the dreary heath, the gay alcove,  
Nor the lone hermit's cell, or mournful urn  
Build on the sprightly lawn. The grassy slope  
And shelter'd border for the cool arcade  
Or Tuscan porch reserve. To the chaste dome,  
And fair rotunda give the swelling mount  
Of freshest green. If to the Gothic scene  
Your taste incline, in the well-water'd vale,  
With lofty pines embrown'd, the mimic fane,  
And mould'ring abbey's fretted windows place.  
The craggy rock, or precipitious hill,  
Shall well become the castle's massy walls.  
In royal villas the Palladian arch,  
And Grecian portico, with dignity,  
Their pride display : ill suits their lofty rank  
The simpler scene. If chance historic deeds  
Your fields distinguish, count them doubly fair,  
And studious aid, with monumental stone,  
And faithful comment, fancy's fond review.

Now other hills, with other wonders stor'd,  
Invite the search. In vain! unless the Muse

The landscape order. Nor will she decline  
The pleasing task. For not to her 'tis hard  
To soar above the mountain's airy height,  
With tow'ring pinions, or, with gentler wing,  
T' explore the cool recesses of the vale.  
Her piercing eye extends beyond the reach  
Of optic tube, levell'd by midnight sage,  
At the moon's disk, or other distant sun,  
And planetary worlds beyond the orb  
Of SATURN. Nor can intervening rocks  
Impede her search. Alike the sylvan gloom,  
Or earth's profoundest caverns she pervades,  
And, to her fav'rite sons, makes visible  
All that may grace, or dignify the song,  
Howe'er envelop'd from their mortal ken.

So URIEL, winged regent of the sun!  
Upon its evening-beam to Paradise  
Came gliding down; so, on its sloping ray,  
To his bright charge return'd. So *ib' heav'nly guest*,  
From ADAM's eyes the carnal film remov'd,  
On EDEN's hill, and purg'd his visual nerve  
To see things yet unform'd, and future deeds.

Lo! where the fouthern hill, with winding courfe,  
 Bends tow'rd the weft, and, from his airy feat,  
 Views four fair provinces in union join'd;  
 Beneath his feet, conspicuous rais'd, and rude,  
 A mafsy pillar rears its fhapelefs head.  
 Others in ftature lefs, an area fmooth  
 Inclofe, like that on \* SARUM's ancient plain.  
 And fome of middle rank apart are feen:  
 Diftinguifh'd thofe! by courtly character  
 Of knights, while that the regal † title bears.  
 What now the circle drear, and ftiffen'd mafs  
 Compoze, like us, were animated forms,  
 With vital warmth, and fenfe, and thought endued;  
 A band of warriors brave! Effect accurs'd  
 Of necromantic art, and spells impure.

So vulgar fame. But clerks, in antique lore  
 Profoundly skill'd, far other ftory tell:  
 And, in its myftic form, temple, or court  
 Efpay, to fabled gods, or throned kings

\* STONE-HENGE.

† Call'd the KING'S-STONE, or KONING-STONE.

Devote; or fabric monumental, rais'd  
 By Saxon hands, or by that Danish chief  
 ROLLO \*! the builder in the name imply'd.  
 Yet to the west the pleasing search pursue,  
 Where from the vale, BRAILS lifts his scarry fides,  
 And ILLMINGTON, and CAMPDEN's hoary hills,  
 (By LYTTTELTON's sweet plaint, and thy abode  
 His matchless LUCIA! to the Muse endear'd)  
 Impress new grandeur on the spreading scene,  
 With champaign fields, broad plain, and covert vale  
 Diversified: By CERES some adorn'd  
 With rich luxuriance of golden grain,  
 And some in FLORA's liv'ry gaily dight,  
 And some with sylvan honours graceful crown'd.  
 Witness the forest-glades, with stately pride,  
 Surrounding SHELDON's † venerable dome!  
 Witness the sloping lawns of IDLICOT ‡!

\* Call'd ROLL-RICH-STONES.

† WESTON, the seat of WILLIAM SHELDON, Esq.

‡ The seat of the late Baron LEGGE, now belonging to  
 ROBERT LADEROKE, Esq.

And HONINGTON's irriguous meads! Some wind  
Meand'ring round the hills disjoin'd, remote,  
Giving full license to their sportive range;  
While distant, but distinct, his Alpine ridge  
MALVERN erects o'er ESHAM's vale sublime,  
And boldly terminates the finish'd scene.

Still are the praises of the RED-HORSE VALE  
Unsung; as oft it happens to the mind  
Intent on distant themes, while what's more near,  
And nearer, more important, 'scapes its note.

From yonder far-known hill, where the thin turf  
But ill conceals the ruddy glebe, a form  
On the bare soil portray'd, like that fam'd steed,  
Which, in its womb, the fate of TROY conceal'd,  
O'erlooks the vale.—Ye swains, that wish to learn,  
Whence rose the strange phænomenon, attend!

BRITANNIA's sons, tho' now for arts renown'd,  
A race of ancestors untaught, and rude,  
Acknowledge; like those naked Indian tribes,  
Which first COLUMBUS in the Atlantic isles  
With wonder saw. Alike their early fate,



To yield to conquering arms! Imperial ROME  
Was then to them what BRITAIN is to these,  
And thro' the subject-land her trophies rear'd.

But haughty ROME, her ancient manners flown,  
Stoop'd to Barbaric rage. O'er her proud walls  
The Goths prevail, which erst the Punic bands  
Assail'd in vain, tho' Cannæ's bloody field  
Their valour own'd, and HANNIBAL their guide!  
Such is the fate, which mightiest empires prove,  
Unless the virtues of the son preserve  
What his forefather's ruder courage won!

\* No CATO now, the list'ning senate warm'd  
To love of virtuous deeds, and public weal.  
No SCIPIOS led her hardy sons to war,  
With sense of glory fir'd. Thro' all her realms  
Or hostile arms invade, or factions shake  
Her tott'ring state. From her proud capitol

\* Non his juvenus orta parentibus  
Infecit æquor sanguine Punico,  
Pyrrhumque, et ingentem cecidit  
Antiochum, Hannibalemque dirum.

HORAT.

Her tutelary gods retire, and ROME,  
Imperial ROME, once mistress of the world,  
A victim falls, so righteous Heav'n ordains,  
To Pride and Luxury's all-conqu'ring charms.

Mean time her ancient foes, ere while restrain'd  
By Roman arms, from Caledonia's hills  
Rush like a torrent, with resistless force,  
O'er Britain's fenceless bounds, and thro' her fields  
Pour the full tide of desolating war.

ÆTIUS, thrice Consul! now an empty name,  
In vain her sons invoke. In vain they seek  
Relief in servitude. Ev'n servitude  
Its miserable comforts now denies,

From shore to shore they fly. The briny flood,  
A guardian once, their further flight restrains.

Some court the boist'rous deep, a milder foe,  
Some gain the distant shores, and fondly hope  
In each to find a more indulgent home.

The rest, protracting still a wretched life,  
From Belgia's coast in wild despair invite  
Its new inhabitants, a Saxon race!

On enterprize, and martial conquest bent.

With joy the Saxons to their aid repair,  
 And soon revenge them on their northern foes.  
 Revenge too dearly bought! These courted guests  
 Give them short space for joy. A hostile look  
 On their fair fields they cast, (for feeble hands  
 Alas! too fair,) and seize them for their own.

And now again the conquer'd isle assumes  
 Another form; on ev'ry plain, and hill  
 New marks exhibiting of servile state,  
 The massy stone with figures quaint inscrib'd—  
 Or dyke by \* WODEN, or the Mercian King †,  
 Vast bound'ry made—or thine, O ASHBURY ‡!  
 And TYSOE's || wond'rous theme, the martial Horse,

\* WANSDYKE, or WODENS DYKE, a boundary of the kingdom of the West Saxons, in Wiltshire.

† OFFA, from whom the boundary between the kingdom of the Mercians, and the Britons in WALES, took its name.

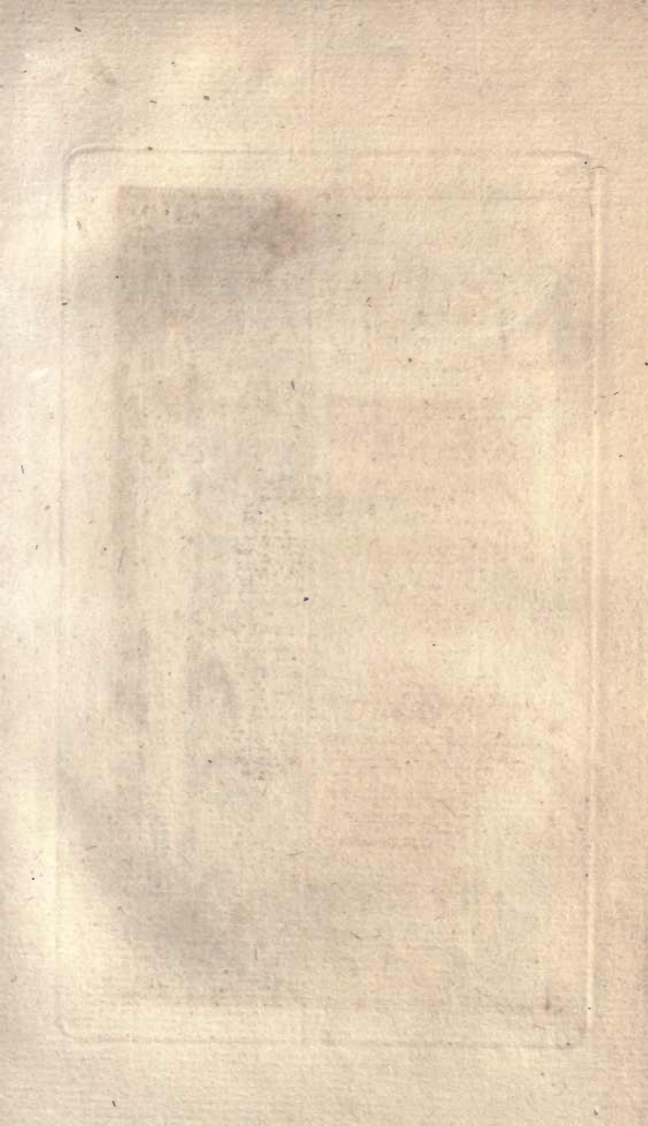
‡ ASHBURY, in BERKSHIRE, near which is the figure of a horse cut on the side of a hill, in whitish earth, which gives name to the neighbouring valley.

|| The figure of the Red Horse, here described, is in the parish of TYSOE.

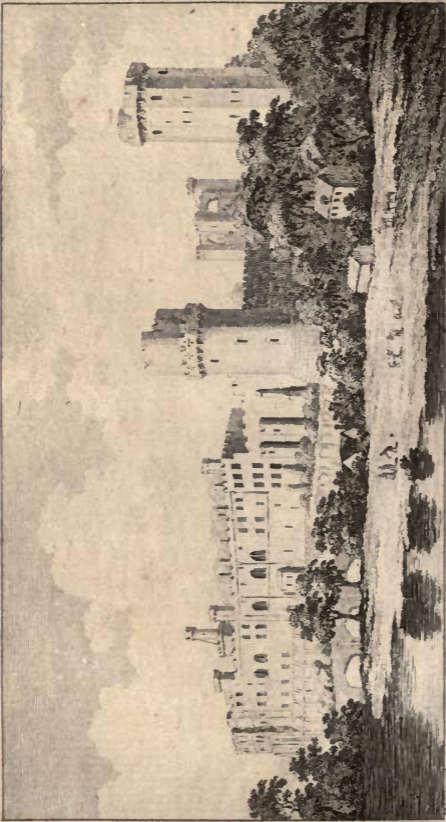
Carv'd on the yielding turf, armorial sign  
 Of HENGIST, Saxon Chief! of BRUNSWICK now,  
 And with the British lion join'd, the bird  
 Of Rome surpassing. Studious to preserve  
 The fav'rite form, the treach'rous conquerors  
 Their vassal tribes compel, with festive rites,  
 Its fading figure yearly to renew,  
 And to the neighb'ring \* vale impart its name.

\* Call'd, from this figure, the VALE of RED-HORSE.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



to face page 41.



W. H. C. de.

N. 1000. 10.

ACCOUNT TO BOOK THE SECOND  
**E D G E - H I L L,**

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**B O O K II.**

**N O O N.**

ARGUMENT TO BOOK THE SECOND:

Noon. *The Mid-Scene from the Castle on RATLEY-HILL. More particular Account of the several Parts of this Scene, and of whatever is most remarkable in it. WARWICK. Its Antiquity. Historical Account of the Earls of WARWICK. Story of GUY. GUY'S-CLIFFE. KENELWORTH. Its Castle. History of it. BALSAL. WROXAL. COVENTRY. Its Environs. Manufactures. Story of GODIVA. Peroration.*



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E D G E - H I L L.

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B O O K II.

N O O N.

**T**HE Sun, whose eastern ray had scarcely gilt  
The mountain's brow, while up the steep ascent,  
With early step, we climb'd, now wide displays  
His radiant orb, and half his daily stage  
Hath nearly measur'd. From th' illumin'd vale  
The soaring mists are drain'd, and, o'er the hill,  
No more breathes grateful the cool, balmy air,  
Chearing our search, and urging on our steps

Delightful.

Delightful. See, the languid herds forsake  
 The burning mead, and creep beneath the shade  
 Of spreading tree, or sheltering hedge-row tall :  
 Or, in the mantling pool, rude reservoir  
 Of wintry rains, and the slow, thrifty spring !  
 Cool their parch'd limbs, and lave their panting sides,

Let us too seek the shade: Yon' airy dome,  
 Beneath whose lofty battlements we found  
 A covert passage to these sultry realms,  
 Invites our drooping strength, and well befriends  
 The pleasing comment on fair Nature's book,  
 In sumptuous volume, open'd to our view.

Ye sportive nymphs ! that o'er the rural scene  
 Preside, you chief ! that haunt the flow'ry banks  
 Of AVON, where, with more majestic wave,  
 WARWICK's illustrious Lord, thro' the gay meads  
 His dancing current guides, or round the lawn  
 Directs th' embroider'd verge of various dyes,  
 O ! teach me all its graces to unfold,  
 And, with your praise, join his attendant fame:

'Tis well ! Here shelter'd from the scorching heat,  
 At large we view the subject vale sublime,

And

And unimpeded. Hence its limits trace  
Stretching, in wanton bound'ry, from the foot  
Of this green mountain, far as human ken  
Can reach, a theatre immense! adorn'd  
With ornaments of sweet variety,  
By Nature's pencil drawn—the level meads,  
A verdant floor! with brightest gems inlaid,  
And richly-painted flow'rs—the tillag'd plain,  
Wide-waving to the sun a rival blaze  
Of gold, best source of wealth!—the prouder hills,  
With outline fair, in naked pomp display'd,  
Round, angular, oblong; and others crown'd  
With graceful foliage. Over all her horn  
Fair Plenty pours, and Cultivation spreads  
Her height'ning lustre. See, beneath her touch,  
The smiling harvests rise, with bending line,  
And wavy ridge, along the dappled glebe  
Stretching their lengthen'd beds. Her careful hand  
Piles up the yellow grain, or rustling hay  
Aduft for wintry store—the long-ridg'd mow,  
Or shapely pyramid, with conic roof,  
Dressing the landscape. She the thick-wove fence

Nurses,

Nurses, and adds, with care, the hedge-row elm.

Around her farms and villages she plans

The rural garden, yielding wholesome food

Of simple viands, and the fragrant herb

Medicinal. The well-rang'd orchard now

She orders, or the sheltering clump, or tuft

Of hardy trees, the wintry storms to curb,

Or guard the sweet retreat of village-swain,

With health, and plenty crown'd. Fair Science next,

Her offspring! adds towns, cities, vaulted domes,

And splendid palaces, and chafes large,

With lake, and planted grove. Hence WARWICK,

fair

With rising buildings, COVENTRY'S tall spires,

And KENELWORTH! thy stately castle rose,

Which still, in ruin, charms th' astonish'd sight.

To crown the beautiful scene, the curtain'd sky,

Its canopy divine of azure tint,

Spreads heav'nly fair, and softens ev'ry charm.

Now yet again, with accurate survey,

The level plain, hills rising various, woods,

And meadows green, the simple cot, and towns,

Nurs'ries

Nurs'ries of arts, and commerce! WARWICK, fair  
With rising buildings, COVENTRY'S tall spires,  
Magnificent in ruin KENELWORTH!  
And still more distant scenes, with legends strange,  
And smoaky arts, taught in the dusky schools  
Of TUBAL'S sons, attentive let us scan,  
And all their charms, and mysteries explore.

First view, but cautious, the vast precipice;  
Left, startled at the giddy height, thy sense  
Swimming forsake thee, and thy trembling limbs,  
Unnerv'd, and fault'ring, threaten dang'rous lapse.  
Along th' indented bank, the forest-tribes,  
The thin-leav'd ash, dark oak, and glossy beech,  
Of polish'd rind, their branching boughs extend,  
With blended tints, and amicable strife,  
Forming a checker'd shade. Below, the lawns,  
With spacious sweep, and wild declivity,  
To yellow plains their sloping verdure join.

There, white with flocks, and, in her num'rous herds  
Exulting, CHADSUNT'S \* pastures, large, and fair

\* The seat of JAMES NEWSAM CRAGGS, Esq.

Salute the fight, and witness to the fame  
Of LICHFIELD'S mitred saint\*. The furzy heaths  
Succeed; close refuge of the tim'rous Hare,  
Or prowling Fox, but refuge insecure!  
From their dark covert oft the hunter-train  
Rouse them unwilling, and, o'er hill, and dale,  
With wild, tumultuous joy, their steps pursue.  
Just vengeance on the midnight thief! and life  
With life aton'd! But that poor, trembling wretch!  
'Who doubts if now she lives,' what hath she done;  
Guiltless of blood, and impotent of wrong?  
How num'rous, how insatiate yet her foes!  
Ev'n in these thickets, where she vainly fought  
A safe retreat from man's unfeeling race,  
The busy hound, to blood, and slaughter train'd,  
Snuffs her sweet vapour, and, to murth'rous rage,  
By mad'ning sounds impell'd, in her close seat,  
With fury tears her, and her corse devours:  
Or scares her o'er the fields, and, by the scent,  
With keen desire of reeking gore inflam'd,

\* ST. CHADD.

Loud-bellowing tortures her with deathful cries.  
 Nor more secure her *path*! Man even there,  
 Watching, with foul intent, her secret haunts,  
 Plants instruments of death, and round her neck  
 The fatal snare entwines. Thus Innocence,  
 In human things, by wily Fraud ensnar'd,  
 Oft helpless falls, while the bold Plund'rer 'scapes.  
 Next the wide champaign, and the cheerful downs  
 Claim notice; chiefly thine, O CHESTERTON \*!  
 Pre-eminent. Nor 'scape the roving eye  
 Thy solemn wood, and Roman vestiges,  
 Encampment green, or military road!  
 Amusive to the grave, historic mind.  
 Thee † TACHBROKE joins with venerable shade.  
 Nor distant far, in Saxon annals fam'd,  
 The rural ‡ court of OFFA, Mercian King!

\* A seat of the Right Honourable Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, so called from its being a Roman station on the Foss-Way.

† A seat of Sir WALTER BAGOT, Bart.

‡ OFFCHURCH, the seat of WHITWICK KNIGHTLEY, Esq.

Where, sever'd from its trunk, low lies the head  
 Of brave FERMUNDUS, slain by coward hands,  
 As on the turf supine in sleep he lay,  
 Nor wist it sleep from which to wake no more!

Now WARWICK claims the song; supremely fair  
 In this fair realm; conspicuous rais'd to view  
 On the firm rock, a beauteous eminence  
 For health, and pleasure form'd. Full to the south  
 A stately range of high, embattled walls  
 And lofty tow'rs, and precipices vast,  
 \* Its guardian worth, and ancient pomp confess,  
 † The northern hills, where Superstition long  
 Her gloomy rites maintain'd, a tranquil scene  
 Of gentler arts, and pleasures more refin'd  
 Displays. Lawns, parks, and meadows fair,  
 And groves around their mingled graces join,  
 And Avon pours his tributary stream.

‡ On thee contending kings their bounty pour'd,  
 And call'd the favour'd city by their names.

Thy

\* The Castle.

† The Priory, now the seat of HENRY WISE, Esq.

‡ Called CAER-LEON from GUTH-LEON, also CAER-  
 GWAYR,



\* Thy worth the Romans publish'd, when to thee  
 Their legions they consign'd. Thee **ETHELFEDE** †,  
 Thy guardian Fair! with royal grace restor'd,  
 When Pagan foes had raz'd thy goodly streets.  
 A monarch's care, those walls ‡ to learning rais'd,  
 § These an asylum to declining age  
 A **LEICESTER**'s love proclaim. Nor pass unsung  
 The train of gallant chiefs, by thy lov'd name  
 Distinguish'd, and by deeds of high renown  
 Gracing the lofty title. || **ARTHGAL** first,  
 And brave **MORVIDUS**, fam'd in Druid song,  
 And British annals. Fair **FELICIA**'s fire,  
**ROHAND** ! and with her join'd in wedded love,

**GWAYR**, or **GUARIC**, from **GWAR**, two British Kings. Its present name is said to be taken from **WARREMUND**, a Saxon.

\* It was the **PRÆSIDIUM** of the Romans.

† She rebuilt it when it had been destroyed by the Danes.

‡ The Free-School.

§ The Hospital.

|| The first Earl of **WARWICK**, and one of the Knights of King **ARTHUR**'s round table.

Immortal GUY! who near WINTONIA'S walls  
With that gigantic braggard COLEBRAND hight!  
For a long summer's day sole fight maintain'd.  
But huge gigantic size, and braggart oaths,  
And sword, or massy club dismay'd thee not.  
Thy skill the stroke eluded, or thy shield  
Harmless receiv'd, while on his batter'd sides  
Fell thick thy galling blows, till from his hands  
Down dropp'd the pond'rous weapon, and himself  
Prostrate, to thy keen blade his grizly head  
Reluctant yielded. Lamentations loud,  
And shouts victorious, in strange concert join'd,  
Proclaim the champion's fall. Thee ATHELSTAN  
His great deliverer owns, and meditates  
With honours fair, and festive pomp to crown.  
But other meed thy thoughtful mind employ'd,  
Intent in heav'nly solitude to spend  
The precious eve of life. Yet shall the Muse  
Thy deed record, and on her patriot list  
Enrol thy name, tho' many a Saxon chief  
She leaves un Sung. A Norman race succeeds,

To

To thee, fair town \*! by charitable deeds,  
 And pious gifts endear'd. The BEAUCHAMPS too  
 Thou claim'st, for arms, and courtly manners fam'd!  
 † Him chief, whom three imperial HENRYS crown'd  
 With envied honours. Mirror fair was he  
 Of valour, and of knightly feats atchiev'd  
 In tilt, and tournament. Thee ‡ NEVIL boasts  
 For bold exploits renown'd, with civil strife  
 When BRITAIN'S bleeding realm her weakness  
     mourn'd,  
 And half her nobles in the contest slain  
 Of YORK, and LANCASTER. He, sworn to both,  
 As int'rest tempted, or resentment fir'd,

\* HENRY DE NOVO BURGO, the first Norman Earl, founded the priory at Warwick, and ROGER his son built and endowed the church of St. Mary.

† RICHARD Earl of Warwick, in the reigns of K. HENRY IV. V. and VI. was Governor of Calais, and Lieutenant General of FRANCE. He founded the Lady's Chapel, and lies interred there under a very magnificent monument.

‡ Called MAKE-KING. He was killed at the battle of Barnet.

To HENRY now, and now to EDWARD join'd  
 His pow'rful aid ; now both to empire rais'd,  
 Now from their summit pluck'd, till in the strife  
 By EDWARD's conquering arms at length he fell.  
 Thou, \* CLARENCE, next, and next thy hapless son,  
 The last † PLANTAGENET awhile appears  
 To dignify the list ; both sacrific'd  
 To barb'rous policy ! Proud ‡ DUDLEY now  
 From EDWARD's hand the bright distinction bore,  
 But soon to MARY paid his forfeit head,  
 And in his fate a wretched race involv'd :  
 Thee chief, thee wept by ev'ry gentle Muse,  
 Fair § JANE ! untimely doom'd to bloody death,

\* He married the Earl of WARWICK's daughter, and was put to death by his brother, EDWARD IV.

† Beheaded in the Tower by HENRY VII. under a pretence of favouring the escape of Peter Warbeck.

‡ Made Earl of WARWICK by EDWARD VI. and afterwards Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND.

§ Lady JANE GREY, married to a son of the Earl of WARWICK.

For treason not thy own. To \* RICH's line  
 Was then transfer'd th' illustrious name, to thine  
 O † GREVILLE ! last. Late may it there remain !  
 With promise fair, as now, (more fair what heart  
 Parental craves ?) of long, transmissive worth,  
 Proud WARWICK's name, with growing fame to grace,  
 And crown, with lasting joy, her castled hill.

Hail, stately pile ; fit mansion for the great !  
 Worthy the lofty title ! Worthy him ‡,  
 To BEAUCHAMP's gallant race allied ! the friend

\* ROBERT Lord RICH, created Earl of WARWICK by JAMES I.

† GREVILLE Lord BROOK, first created Earl BROOK of Warwick Castle, and afterwards Earl of WARWICK, by K. GEORGE II.

‡ Sir FULKE GREVILLE, made Baron BROOK of Beauchamp's-court, by JAMES I. had the Castle of WARWICK, then in a ruinous condition, granted to him ; upon which he laid out 20,000 l. He lies buried in a neat octagon building, on the north side of the chancel at WARWICK, under a fine marble monument, on which is the following very significant, laconic inscription,

“ TROPHOEVM PECCATI !

“ FULKE GREVILLE, Servant to Queen ELIZABETH, Counsellor to King JAMES, and Friend to Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.”

Of gentle SIDNEY! to whose long desert,  
 In royal councils prov'd, his sov'reign's gift  
 Consign'd the lofty structure: Worthy he!  
 The lofty structure's splendor to restore.

Nor less intent who now, by lineal right,  
 His place sustains, with reparations bold,  
 And well-attemper'd dignity to grace  
 Th' embattled walls. Nor spares his gen'rous mind  
 The cost of rural work, plantation large,  
 Forest, or fragrant shrub; or shelter'd walks,  
 Or ample, verdant lawns, where the sleek deer  
 Sport on the brink of AVON's flood, or graze  
 Beneath the rising walls; magnificence  
 With grace uniting, and enlarg'd delight  
 Of prospect fair, and Nature's smiling scenes!

Still is the colouring faint. O! cou'd my verse,  
 Like their \* LOUISA's pencil'd shades describe  
 The tow'rs, the woods, the lawns, the winding stream,  
 Fair like her form, and like her birth sublime!

\* The Right Hon. Lady LOUISA GREVILLE, daughter to  
 the Right Hon. the Earl of WARWICK.

Not WINDSOR's royal scenes by DENHAM sung,  
Or that more tuneful bard on TWICK'NAM's shore  
Should boast a loftier strain, but in my verse  
Their fame shou'd live, as lives, proportion'd true,  
Their beauteous image in her graven lines.

Transporting theme! on which I still cou'd waste  
The ling'ring hours, and still protract the song  
With new delight; but thy example, GUY!  
Calls me from scenes of pomp, and earthly pride,  
To muse with thee in thy sequester'd cell\*.

Here the calm scene lulls the tumultuous breast  
To sweet composure. Here the gliding stream,  
That winds its watry path in many a maze,  
As loth to leave th' enchanted spot, invites  
To moralize on fleeting time, and life,  
With all its treach'rous sweets, and fading joys,  
In emblem shewn, by many a short-liv'd flow'r,  
That on its margin smiles, and smiling falls  
To join its parent Earth. Here let me delve,  
Near thine, my chamber in the peaceful rock,

\* Called GUY'S CLIFF, the seat of the Right Hon. Lady MARY GREATHEED.

And think no more of gilded palaces,  
 And luxury of sense. From the till'd glebe,  
 Or ever-teeming brook, my frugal meal  
 I'll gain, and slake my thirst at yonder spring.  
 Like thee, I'll climb the steep, and mark the scene  
 How fair! how passing fair! in grateful strains  
 Singing the praises of creative love.  
 Like thee, I'll tend the call of morn'g bell\*  
 To early orisons, and latest tune  
 My evening song to that more wond'rous love,  
 Which sav'd us from the grand Apostate's wiles,  
 And righteous vengeance of Almighty ire,  
 Justly incens'd. O pow'r of grace divine!  
 When mercy met with truth, with justice, peace.  
 Thou, holy Hermit! in this league secure,  
 Did'st wait Death's vanquish'd spectre as a friend,  
 To change thy mortal coil for heav'nly bliss.

Next, KENELWORTH! thy fame invites the song.  
 Assemblage sweet of social, and serene!  
 But chiefly two fair streets, in adverse rows,

\* Here was anciently an oratory, where tradition says, GUY spent the latter part of his life in devotional exercises.



Their lengthen'd fronts extend, reflecting each  
 Beauty on each reciprocal. Between,  
 A verdant valley, slop'd from either side,  
 Forms the mid-space, where gently-gliding flows  
 A crystal stream, beneath the mould'ring base  
 Of an old abbey's venerable walls.

Still further in the vale her castle lifts  
 Its stately tow'rs, and tott'ring battlements,  
 Drest with the rampant ivy's uncheck'd growth  
 Luxuriant. Here let us pause awhile,  
 To read the melancholy tale of pomp  
 Laid low in dust, and, from historic page,  
 Compose its epitaph. Hail, \* CLINTON! hail!  
 Thy Norman founder still yon' neighb'ring † Green,  
 And massy walls, with stile ‡ Imperial grac'd,  
 Record. § The MONTFORTS thee with hardy deeds,

\* GEOFFRY DE CLINTON, who built both the Castle, and the adjoining Monastery, Temp. HEN. I.

† CLINTON-GREEN.

‡ CÆSAR'S-TOWER.

§ The MONTFORTS, Earls of LEICESTER, of which SIMON DE MONTFORT, and his son HENRY, were killed at the battle of Evesham.

And

And memorable siege by \* HENRY's arms,  
 And senatorial acts, that bear thy name  
 Distinguish. Thee the bold Lancastrian † line,  
 A royal train! from valiant GAUNT deriv'd,  
 Grace with new lustre; till ELIZA's hand  
 Transferr'd thy walls to LEICESTER's ‡ favour'd Earl.  
 He long, beneath thy roof, the maiden Queen,  
 And all her courtly guests, with rare device  
 Of mask, and emblematic scenery,  
 Tritons, and sea-nymphs, and the floating isle,  
 Detain'd. Nor feats of prowess, joust, or tilt  
 Of harness'd knights, nor rustic revelry  
 Were wanting; nor the dance, and sprightly mirth  
 Beneath the festive walls, with regal state,  
 And choicest lux'ry serv'd. But regal state,

• HENRY III. who besieged this Castle, and call'd a convention here, which pass'd an act for redeeming forfeited estates, called DICTUM DE KENELWORTH.

† From whom a part of this structure is called LANCASTER'S BUILDINGS.

‡ Granted by Queen ELIZABETH to DUDLEY Earl of LEICESTER.

And

And sprightly mirth, beneath the festive roof,  
Are now no more. No more assembled crowds  
At the stern porter's lodge admittance crave.  
No more, with plaint, or suit importunate,  
The thronged lobby echoes, nor with staff,  
Or gaudy badge, the busy pursuivants  
Lead to wish'd audience. All, alas! is gone,  
And Silence keeps her melancholy court  
Throughout the walls; save, where, in rooms of state,  
Kings once repos'd! chatter the wrangling daws,  
Or screech-owls hoot along the vaulted isles.  
No more the trumpet calls the martial band,  
With sprightly summons, to the guarded lists;  
Nor lofty galleries their pride disclose  
Of beauteous nymphs in courtly pomp attir'd,  
Watching, with trembling hearts, the doubtful strife,  
And, with their looks, inspiring wond'rous deeds.  
No more the lake displays its pageant shows,  
And emblematic forms. Alike the lake,  
And all its emblematic forms are flown,  
And in their place mute flocks, and heifers graze,  
Or buxom damsels ted the new-mown hay.

What art thou, Grandeur! with thy flatt'ring train  
 Of pompous lies, and boastful promises?  
 Where are they now, and what's their mighty sum?  
 All, all are vanish'd! like the fleeting forms  
 Drawn in an evening cloud. Nought now remains,  
 Save these sad relicks of departed pomp,  
 These spoils of time, a monumental pile!  
 Which to the vain its mournful tale relates,  
 And warns them not to trust to fleeting dreams:

Thee too, tho' boasting not a royal train,  
 The Muse, O \* BALSHAL! in her faithful page  
 Shall celebrate: for long beneath thy roof  
 A band of warriors bold, of high renown,  
 To martial deeds, and hazardous emprise  
 Sworn, for defence of SALEM's sacred walls;  
 From Paynim-foes, and holy pilgrimage:  
 Now other guests thou entertain'ft,  
 A female band, by female charity

\* Formerly a seat of the Knights Templars, now an Alms-house for poor widows, founded by the Lady KATHARINE LEVISON, a descendant of ROBERT DUDLEY, Earl of LEICESTER.

Sustain'd.

Sustain'd. Thee, \* WROXAL! too, in fame allied,  
Seat of the Poet's, and the Muse's friend!  
My verse shall sing, with thy long-exil'd Knight,  
By LEONARD's pray'rs, from distant servitude,  
To these brown thickets, and his mournful mate,  
Invisibly convey'd. Yet doubted she  
His speech, and alter'd form, and better proof  
Impatient urg'd. (So ITHACA's chaste queen  
Her much-wish'd lord, by twice ten absent years,  
And wife MINERVA's guardian care disguis'd,  
Acknowledg'd not: so, with suspended faith,  
His bridal claim repress'd.) Strait he displays  
Part of the nuptial ring between them shar'd,  
When in the bold crusade his shield he bore.  
The twin memorial of their plighted love  
Within her faithful bosom she retain'd.  
Quick from its shrine the hallow'd pledge she drew,  
To match it with its mate, when, strange to tell!  
No sooner had the separated curves

\* The seat of CHRISTOPHER WREN, Esq; once a nunnery, dedicated to St. LEONARD.—See DUGDALE's Antiquities.

Approach'd each other, but, with sudden spring,  
 They join'd again, and the small circle clos'd.  
 So they, long sever'd, met in close embrace.

- At length, O COVENTRY! thy neighb'ring fields,  
 And fair surrounding villas we attend,

\* ALLESLEY, and † WHITLEY's pastures, ‡ STIVI-  
 CHALE,

That views with lasting joy thy green domains,  
 And § BAGINGTON's fair walls, and || STONELY! thine,  
 And ¶ COOMBE's majestic pile, both boasting once  
 Monastic pomp, still equal in renown!  
 And, as their kindred fortunes they compare,  
 Applauding more the present, than the past.

\* The seat of M. NEALE, Esq.

† The seat of ED. BOWATER, Esq; now belonging to  
 FRANCIS WHEELER, Esq.

‡ The seat of ARTHUR GREGORY, Esq; commanding a  
 pleasant view of Coventry park, &c.

§ The seat of WILLIAM BROMLEY, Esq; one of the  
 Representatives in Parliament for the county of WARWICK.

|| The seat of the Right Hon. Lord LEIGH.

¶ The seat of the Right Hon. Lord CRAVEN.

Ev'n now the pencil'd sheets, unroll'd, display  
More sprightly charms of beauteous lawn, and grove,  
And sweetly-wand'ring paths, and ambient stream,  
To cheer with lasting flow th' enamell'd scene,  
And themes of song for future bards prepare.

Fair City! thus environ'd! and thyself  
For royal grants, and silken arts renown'd!  
To thee the docile youth repair, and learn,  
With sidelong glance, and nimble stroke, to ply  
The fitting shuttle, while their active feet,  
In mystic movements, press the subtle stops  
Of the loom's complicated frame, contriv'd,  
From the loose thread, to form, with wond'rous art,  
A texture close, inwrought with choice device  
Of flow'r, or foliage gay, to the rich stuff,  
Or silky web, imparting fairer worth.  
Nor shall the Muse, in her descriptive song,  
Neglect from dark oblivion to preserve  
Thy mould'ring \* Cross, with ornament profuse

\* Built by Sir WILLIAM HOLLIES, Lord Mayor of LONDON, in the reign of King HENRY VIII.

Of pinnacles, and niches, proudly rais'd,  
Height above height, a sculptur'd chronicle !  
Less lasting than the monumental verse.  
Nor scornful will she flout thy cavalcade,  
Made yearly to GODIVA's deathless praise,  
While gaping crowds around her pageant throng,  
With prying look, and stupid wonderment.  
Not so the Muse ! who, with her virtue fir'd,  
And love of thy renown, in notes as chaste  
As her fair purpose, from memorials dark,  
Shall, to the list'ning ear, her tale explain.

When \* EDWARD, last of EGBERT's royal race,  
O'er sev'n united realms the sceptre sway'd,  
Proud LEOFRIC, with trust of sov'reign pow'r,  
The subject Mercians rul'd. His lofty state  
The loveliest of her sex ! a noble dame  
Of THOROLD's ancient line, GODIVA shar'd.  
But pageant pomp charm'd not her faintly mind  
Like virtuous deeds, and care of others weal,  
Such tender passions in his haughty breast

\* EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.



He cherish'd not, but with despotic sway,  
Controul'd his vassal tribes, and, from their toil,  
His luxury maintain'd. GODIVA saw  
Their plaintive looks; with grief she saw thy sons,  
O COVENTRY! by tyrant laws oppress'd,  
And urg'd her haughty lord, but urg'd in vain!  
With patriot-rule, thy drooping arts to cheer.  
Yet, tho' forbidden e'er again to move  
In what so much his lofty state concern'd,  
Not so from thought of charitable deed  
Desisted she, but amiably perverse  
Her hopeless suit renew'd. Bold was th' attempt!  
Yet not more bold than fair, if pitying sighs  
Be fair, and charity which knows no bounds.  
What had'st thou then to fear from wrath inflam'd  
At such transcendent guilt, rebellion join'd  
With female weakness, and officious zeal?  
So thy stern lord might call the gen'rous deed;  
Perhaps might punish as befitted deed  
So call'd, if love restrain'd not: yet tho' love  
O'er anger triumph'd, and imperious rule,

Not o'er his pride; which better to maintain,  
His answer thus he artfully return'd.

Why will the lovely partner of my joys,  
Forbidden, thus her wild petition urge?  
Think not my breast is steel'd against the claims  
Of sweet humanity. Think not I hear  
Regardless thy request. If piety,  
Or other motive, with mistaken zeal,  
Call'd to thy aid, pierc'd not my stubborn frame,  
Yet to the pleader's worth, and modest charms,  
Wou'd my fond love no trivial gift impart.  
But 'pomp and fame forbid. That vassalage,  
Which, thoughtless, thou wou'dst tempt me to dissolve,  
Exalts our splendor, and augments my pow'r.  
With tender bosoms form'd, and yielding hearts,  
Your sex soon melts at sights of vulgar woe;  
Heedless how *glory* fires the *manly* breast  
With love of rank sublime. This principle  
In female minds a feebler empire holds,  
Opposing less the specious arguments  
For milder rule, and freedom's popular theme.

But

But plant some gentler passion in its room,  
Some virtuous instinct suited to your make,  
As glory is to ours, alike requir'd  
A ransom for the vulgar's vassal state,  
Then wou'dst thou soon the strong contention own,  
And justify my conduct. Thou art fair,  
And chaste as fair; with nicest sense of shame,  
And sanctity of thought. Thy bosom thou  
Did'st ne'er expose to shameless dalliance  
Of wanton eyes; nor, ill-concealing it  
Beneath the treach'rous cov'ring, tempt aside  
The secret glance, with meditated fraud.  
Go now, and lay thy modest garments by:  
In naked beauty, mount thy milk-white steed,  
And through the streets, in face of open day,  
And gazing slaves, their fair deliv'rer ride:  
Then will I own thy pity was sincere,  
Applaud thy virtue, and confirm thy suit.  
But if thou lik'st not such ungentle terms,  
And sure thy soul the guilty thought abhors!  
Know then that LEOFRIC, like thee, can feel,  
Like thee, may pity, while he seems severe,

And urge thy suit no more. His speech he clos'd,  
And, with strange oaths, confirm'd the sad decree.

Again, within GODIVA's gentle breast  
New tumults rose. At length her female fears  
Gave way, and sweet humanity prevail'd.  
Reluctant, but resolv'd, the matchless fair  
Gives all her naked beauty to the sun ;  
Then mounts her milk-white steed, and, thro' the  
streets,

Rides fearless ; her dishevell'd hair a veil !  
That o'er her beauteous limbs luxuriant flow'd,  
Nurs'd long by Fate for this important day !  
Prostrate to earth th' astonish'd vassals bow,  
Or to their inmost privacies retire.  
All, but one prying slave ! who fondly hop'd,  
With venial curiosity, to gaze  
On such a wond'rous dame. But foul disgrace  
O'ertook the bold offender, and he stands,  
By just decree, a spectacle abhorr'd,  
And lasting monument of swift revenge  
For thoughts impure, and beauty's injur'd charms.

Ye

Ye guardians of her rights, so nobly won !  
Cherish the Muse, who first in modern strains  
Essay'd to sing your lovely \* Patriot's fame,  
Anxious to rescue from oblivious time  
Such matchless virtue, her heroic deed  
Illustrate, and your gay procession grace.

\* See DUGDALE's Antiquities of Warwickshire.

It is pleasant enough to observe, with what gravity the above-mentioned learned writer dwells on the praises of this renown'd lady. " And now, before I proceed," says he, " I have a word more to say of the noble Countess GODEVA, which is, that besides her devout advancement of that pious work of his, i. e. her husband LEOFRIC, in this magnificent monastery, viz. of Monks at COVENTRY, she gave her whole treasure thereto, and sent for skilful goldsmiths, who, with all the gold and silver she had, made crosses, images of saints, and other curious ornaments." Which passages may serve as a specimen of the devotion and patriotism of those times.

END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

Ye guardians of her right, to nobly won  
 Christ the Maid, who fill in modern times  
 Flay'd to the very last, a Patriot's fame,  
 Anxious to retain that glorious time  
 Such matchless virtue, her heroic deed  
 Illustrious, and your gay procession grace.

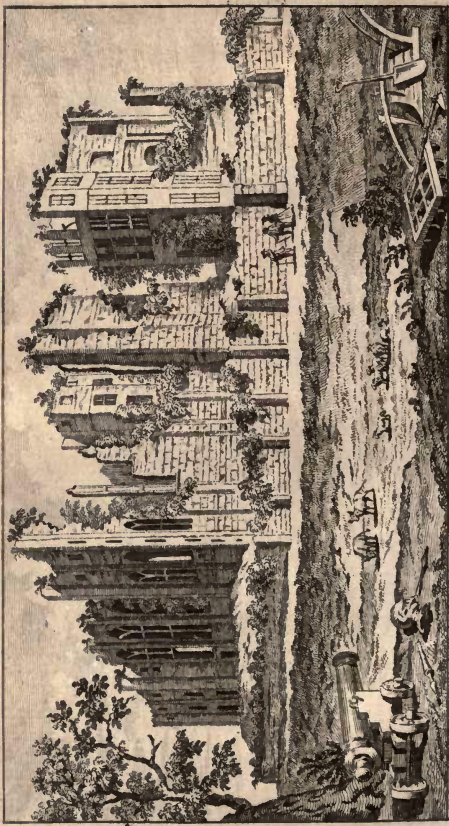
\* See Duncanson's *Annals of Westminster*.

It is pleasant enough to observe, with what gravity the  
 above-mentioned learned writer dwells on the justice of this  
 renown'd lady. "And now, before I proceed," says he, "I  
 have a word more to say of the noble Countess GORVA,  
 which is, that besides her devoted advancement of that house  
 work of his, A. her husband's, in this magnificent  
 manner, viz. of *Alonzo de GORVA*, she gave her whole  
 treasure thence, and for her faithful husband, who, with  
 all the gold and silver she had, made crosses, images, of  
 stone, and other curious ornaments." *It is not possible*  
 have as a specimen of the devotion and piety of this  
 Countess.

END OF BOOK THE SECOND.



to face page 73.



C. G. Johnson del.

ed. W. H. S. del.



Argument to Book the Third.

**L. EDGELL.**

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**BOOK III.**

**AFTERNOON.**

ARGUMENT TO BOOK THE THIRD.

*Address to the Right Hon. the Earl of CLARENDON. Metaphysical Subtleties exploded. Philosophical Account of Vision, and Optic Glasses. Objects of Sight not sufficiently regarded on Account of their being common. Story relative thereto. Return to the Mid-Scene. SOLIHUL. School-Scene. BREMICHAM. Its Manufactures. Coal-Mines. Iron-Ore. Process of it. Panegyric upon Iron.*

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E D G E - H I L L.

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B O O K    I I I .

A F T E R N O O N .

**A** GAIN, the Muse her airy flight essays.  
Will VILLERS, skill'd alike in classic song,  
Or, with a critic's eye, to trace the charms  
Of Nature's beauteous scenes, attend the lay?  
Will he, accustom'd to soft Latian climes,  
As to their softer numbers, deign awhile  
To quit the Mantuan Bard's harmonious strain,  
By sweet attraction of the theme allur'd?  
The Latian Poet's song is still the same.

Not

Not so the Latian fields. The gentle Arts  
 That made those fields so fair, when Gothic Rule,  
 And Superstition, with her bigot train,  
 Fixt there their gloomy seat, to this fair Isle  
 Retir'd, with Freedom's gen'rous sons to dwell,  
 To grace her cities, and her smiling plains  
 With plenty cloathe, and crown the rural toil.

Nor hath he found, throughout those spacious  
 realms

Where ALBIS flows, and ISTER's stately flood,  
 More verdant meads, or more superb remains  
 Of old magnificence, than his own fields  
 Display, where \* CLINTON's venerable walls  
 In ruin, still their ancient grandeur tell.

Requires there aught of learning's pompous aid  
 To prove that all this outward frame of things  
 Is what it seems, not unsubstantial air,  
 Ideal vision, or a waking dream,

\* The magnificent ruins of KENILWORTH CASTLE, built  
 by GEOFFRY DE CLINTON, and more particularly described  
 in the preceding book, belong to the Right Hon. the Earl  
 of CLARENDON, many years resident in ITALY, and Envoy  
 to most of the Courts in GERMANY.

Without

Without existence, save what Fancy gives?  
Shall we, because we strive in vain to tell  
How Matter acts on incorporeal Mind,  
Or how, when sleep has lock'd up ev'ry sense,  
Or fevers rage, Imagination paints  
Unreal scenes, reject what sober sense,  
And calmest thought attest? Shall we confound  
States wholly diff'rent? Sleep with wakeful life?  
Disease with health? This were to quit the day,  
And seek our path at midnight. To renounce  
Man's surest evidence, and idolize  
Imagination. Hence then banish we  
These metaphysic subtleties, and mark  
The curious structure of these visual orbs,  
The windows of the mind; substance how clear,  
Aqueous, or crystalline! through which the soul,  
As thro' a glass, all outward things surveys.

See, while the sun gilds, with his golden beam,  
Yon' distant pile, which HYDE, with care refin'd,  
From plunder guards, its form how beautiful!  
Anon some cloud his radiance intercepts,  
And all the splendid object fades away.

Or,

Or, if some incrustation o'er the sight  
Its baleful texture spread, like a clear lens,  
With filth obscur'd ! no more the sensory,  
Thro' the thick film, imbibes the chearful day,  
' But cloud instead, and ever-during night  
Surround it.' So, when on some weighty truth  
A beam of heav'nly light its lustre sheds,  
To Reason's eye it looks supremely fair.  
But if foul Passion, or distemper'd Pride,  
Impede its search, or Phrenzy seize the brain,  
Then Ignorance a gloomy darkness spreads,  
Or Superstition, with mishapen forms,  
Erects its savage empire in the mind.

The vulgar race of men, like herds that graze,  
On Instinct live, not knowing how they live ;  
While Reason sleeps, or waking stoops to Sense.  
But sage Philosophy explores the cause  
Of each phænomenon of sight, or sound,  
Taste, touch, or smell ; each organ's inmost frame,  
And correspondence with external things :  
Explains how diff'rent texture of their parts  
Excites sensations diff'rent, rough, or smooth,

Bitter,

Bitter, or sweet, fragrance, or noisome scent :  
How various streams of undulating air,  
Thro' the ear's winding labyrinth convey'd,  
Cause all the vast variety of sounds.  
Hence too the subtle properties of light,  
And sev'n-fold colour are distinctly view'd  
In the prismatic glass, and outward forms  
Shewn fairly drawn, in miniature divine,  
On the transparent eye's membranous cell.  
By combination hence of diff'rent orbs,  
Convex, or concave, thro' their crystal pores,  
Transmitting variously the solar ray,  
With line oblique, the telescopic tube  
Reveals the wonders of the starry sphere,  
Worlds above worlds ; or, in a single grain,  
Or watry drop, the penetrative eye  
Discerns innumerable inhabitants  
Of perfect structure, imperceptible  
To naked view. Hence each defect of sense  
Obtains relief ; hence to the palsy'd ear  
New impulse, vision new to languid sight,  
Surprize to both, and youthful joys restor'd !

Cheap is the bliss we never knew to want !  
So graceless spendthrifts waste unthankfully  
Those sums, which Merit often seeks in vain,  
And Poverty wou'd kneel to call its own.  
So objects, hourly seen, unheeded pass,  
At which the new-created sight would gaze  
With exquisite delight. Doubt ye this truth ?  
A tale shall place it fairer to your view.

A youth \* there was, a youth of lib'ral mind,  
And fair proportion in each lineament  
Of outward form ; but dim suffusion veil'd  
His sightless orbs, which roll'd, and roll'd in vain  
To find the blaze of day. From infancy,  
Till full maturity glow'd on his cheek,  
The long, long night its gloomy empire held,  
And mock'd each gentle effort, lotions,  
Or cataplasms, by parental hands,  
With fruitless care employ'd. At length a Leech,  
Of skill profound, well-vers'd in optic lore,

\* For the general subject of the following story, see the TATLER, Numb. 55, and SMITH'S OPTICS.



An arduous task devis'd aside to draw  
The veil, which, like a cloud, hung o'er his sight,  
And ope a lucid passage to the sun.  
Instant the Youth the promis'd blessing craves.  
But first his parents, with uplifted hands,  
The healing Pow'rs invoke, and pitying friends  
With sympathizing heart, the rites prepare :  
'Mongst these, who well deserv'd the important trust,  
A gentle Maid there was, that long had wail'd  
His hapless fate. Full many a tedious hour  
Had she, with converse, and instructive song,  
Beguil'd. Full many a step darkling her arm  
Sustain'd him ; and, as they their youthful days  
In friendly deeds, and mutual intercourse  
Of sweet endearment pass'd, love in each breast  
His empire fix'd ; in her's with pity join'd,  
In his with gratitude, and deep regard.

The friendly wound was giv'n ; th' obstructing film  
Drawn artfully aside ; and, on his sight  
Burst the full tide of day. Surpriz'd he stood,  
Not knowing where he was, nor what he saw !  
The skilful artist first, as first in place

He view'd, then seiz'd his hand, then felt his own,  
Then mark'd their near resemblance, much perplex'd,  
And still the more perplex'd, the more he saw.

Now silence first th' impatient mother broke,  
And, as her eager looks on him she bent,  
“ My son,” she cried, “ my son !” On her he gaz'd  
With fresh surprize. And, what ? he cried, art thou  
My mother ? for thy voice bespeaks thee such,  
Tho' to my sight unknown. Thy mother I !  
She quick reply'd, thy sister, brother these—  
O ! 'tis too much, he said ; too soon to part,  
Ere well we meet ! But this new flood of day  
O'erpow'rs me, and I feel a death-like damp  
Chill all my frame, and stop my fault'ring tongue.

Now LYDIA, so they call'd his gentle friend,  
Who, with averted eye, but, in her soul,  
Had felt the lancing steel, her aid apply'd,  
And stay, dear youth, she said, or with thee take  
Thy LYDIA, thine alike in life, or death.

At LYDIA's name, at LYDIA's well-known voice,  
He strove again to raise his drooping head,

And

And ope his closing eye, but strove in vain,  
And on her trembling bosom sunk away.

Now other fears distract his weeping friends.  
But short this grief! for soon his life return'd,  
And, with return of life, return'd their peace.  
Yet, for his safety, they resolve awhile  
His infant sense from day's bright beams to guard,  
Ere yet again they tempt such dang'rous joy.

As, when from some transporting dream awak'd,  
We fondly on the sweet delusion dwell,  
And, with intense reflection, to our minds  
Picture th' enchanted scene—angelic forms—  
Converse sublime—and more than waking bliss!  
Till the coy vision, as the more we strive  
To paint it livelier on th' enraptur'd sense,  
Still fainter grows, and dies at last away:  
So dwelt the Youth on his late transient joy,  
So long'd the dear remembrance to renew.

At length, *again* the wish'd-for day arriv'd.  
The task was LYDIA'S! her's the charge, *alone*  
From dangers new to guard the dear delight;  
But first th' impatient Youth she thus address'd.

Dear Youth! my trembling hands but ill essay  
This tender task, and, with unusual fear,  
My flutt'ring heart forebodes some danger nigh.

Dismiss thy fears, he cried, nor think so ill  
I con thy lessons, as still need be taught  
To hail, with caution, the new-coming day.  
Then loose these envious folds, and teach my sight,  
If more can be, to make thee more belov'd.

Ah! there's my grief, she cried: 'tis true our hearts  
With mutual passion burn, but then 'tis true  
Thou ne'er hast known me by that subtle sense  
Thro' which love most an easy passage finds;  
That sense! which soon may shew thee many a maid  
Fairer than LYDIA, tho' more faithful none.  
And may she not cease then to be belov'd?  
May she not then, when less thou need'st her care,  
Give place to some new charmer? 'Tis for this  
I sigh; for this my sad foreboding fears  
New terrors form. And can'st thou then, he cried,  
Want aught that might endear thee to my soul?  
Art thou not excellence? Art thou not all  
That man cou'd wish? Goodness, and gentlest love?

Can I forget thy long assiduous care?

Thy morning-tendance, surest mark to me

Of day's return, of night thy late adieu?

Do I need aught to make my blifs compleat,

When thou art by me? when I press thy hand?

When I breath fragrance at thy near approach;

And hear the sweetest music in thy voice?

Can that, which to each other sense is dear,

So wond'rous dear, be otherwise to fight?

Or can fight make, what is to reason good,

And lovely, seem less lovely, and less good?

Perish the sense, that wou'd make LYDIA such!

Perish its joys, those joys however great!

If to be purchas'd with the loss of thee,

O my dear LYDIA! if there be indeed

The danger thou report'st, O! by our love,

Our mutual love, I charge thee, ne'er unbind

These hapless orbs, or tear them from their seat,

Ere they betray me thus to worse than death:

No, Heav'n forbid! she cried, for Heav'n hath heard

Thy parents pray'rs, and many a friend now waits

To mingle looks of cordial love with thine.

And shou'd I rob them of the sacred bliss?  
 Shou'd I deprive thee of the rapt'rous sight?  
 No! be thou happy; happy be thy friends;  
 Whatever fate attends thy LYDIA'S love;  
 Thy hapless LYDIA!—Hapless did I say?  
 Ah! wherefore? wherefore wrong I thus thy worth?  
 Why doubt thy well-known truth, and constant mind?  
 No, happiest she of all the happy train,  
 In mutual vows, and plighted faith secure!

So saying, she the silken bandage loos'd,  
 Nor added further speech, prepar'd to watch  
 The new surprize, and guide the doubtful scene,  
 By silence more than tenfold night conceal'd.  
 When thus the Youth. And is this then the world,  
 In which I am to live? Am I awake?  
 Or do I dream? Or hath some pow'r unknown,  
 Far from my friends, far from my native home;  
 Convey'd me to these radiant seats? O thou!  
 Inhabitant of this enlighten'd world!  
 Whose heav'nly softness far transcends his shape,  
 By whom this miracle was first achiev'd,  
 O! deign thou to instruct me where I am;

And how to name thee by true character,  
Angel, or mortal! Once I had a friend,  
Who, but till now, ne'er left me in distress.  
Her speech was harmony, at which my heart  
With transport flutter'd; and her gracious hand  
Supplied me with whate'er my wish cou'd form;  
Supply, and transport ne'er so wish'd before!  
Never, when wanted, yet, so long denied!  
Why is she silent now, when most I long  
To hear her heav'nly voice? why flies she not  
With more than usual speed to crown my bliss?  
Ah! did I leave her in that darksome world?  
Or rather dwells she not in these bright realms,  
Companion fit for such fair forms as thine?  
O! teach me, if thou canst, how I may find  
This gentle counsellor; when found, how know  
By this new sense, which, better still to rate  
Her worth, I chiefly wish'd. The lovely form  
Replied, In me behold that gentle friend,  
If still thou own'st me such. O! yes, 'tis she,  
He cried; 'tis LYDIA! 'tis her charming voice!  
O! speak again; O! let me press thy hand:

On these I can rely. This new-born sense  
May cheat me. Yet so much I prize thy form,  
I willingly wou'd think it tells me true—

Ha! what are these? Are they not they, of whom  
Thou warn'dst me? Yes—true—they are beautiful.  
But have they lov'd like thee, like thee convers'd?  
'They move not as we move, they bear no part  
In my new blifs. And yet methinks, in one,  
Her form I can descry, tho' now so calm!  
Who call'd me son. Mistaken Youth! she cried,  
These are not what they seem; are not as we,  
Not living substances, but pictur'd shapes,  
Resemblances of life! by mixture form'd  
Of light, and shade, in sweet proportion join'd.  
But hark! I hear, without, thy longing friends,  
Who wait my summons, and reprove my stay.

To thy direction, cried th' enraptur'd Youth,  
To thy direction I commit my steps.  
Lead on, be thou my guide, as late, so now,  
In this new world, and teach me how to use  
This wond'rous faculty; which thus, so soon  
Mocks me with phantoms. Yet enough for me!

That



That all my past experience joins with this  
To tell me I am happier than I know.  
To tell me thou art LYDIA! From whose side  
I never more will part! with whom compar'd,  
All others of her sex, however fair,  
Shall be like painted, unsubstantial forms.

So when the soul, inflam'd with strong desire  
Of purer bliss, its earthly mansion leaves,  
Perhaps some friendly genius, wont to steer  
With ministerial charge, his dang'rous steps;  
Perhaps some gentle partner of his toil,  
More early blest, in radiant lustre clad,  
And form celestial, meets his dazzled sight;  
And guides his way, thro' trackless fields of air,  
To join, with rapt'rous joy, th' ethereal train.

Now to the midland search the Muse returns.  
For more, and still more busy scenes remain;  
The promis'd schools of wise artificers  
In brass, and iron. But another school  
Of gentler arts demands the Muse's song,  
Where first she learn'd to scan the measur'd verse,  
And awkwardly her infant notes essay'd.

Hail SOLIHUL! respectful I salute

Thy walls; more awful once! when, from the sweets  
Of festive freedom, and domestic ease,

With throbbing heart, to the stern discipline  
Of pædagogue morose I sad return'd.

But tho' no more his brow severe, nor dread  
Of birchen sceptre awes my riper age,

A sterner tyrant rises to my view,

With deadlier weapon arm'd. Ah! *Critic!* spare,

O! spare the Muse, who feels her youthful fears  
On thee transfer'd, and trembles at thy lash.

Against the venal tribe, that prostitutes

The tuneful art, to sooth the villain's breast,

To blazon fools, or feed the pamper'd lust

Of bloated vanity; against the tribe

Which casts its wanton jests at holy truths,

Or clothes, with virtue's garb, th' accursed train

Of loathsome vices, lift thy vengeful arm,

And all thy just severity exert.

Enough to venial faults, and hapless want

Of animated numbers, such as breathe

The

The soul of epic song, hath erst been paid  
Within these walls, still stain'd with infant blood.

Yet may I not forget the pious care  
Of love parental, anxious to improve  
My youthful mind. Nor yet the debt disown  
Due to severe restraint, and rigid laws,  
The wholesome curb of Passion's headstrong reign.  
To them I owe that ere, with painful toil,  
Thro' PRISCIAN's crabbed rules, laborious task!  
I held my course, till the dull, tiresome road  
Plac'd me on *classic* ground, that well repaid  
The labours of the way. To them I owe  
The pleasing knowledge of my youthful mates  
Matur'd in age, and honours. These among,  
I gratulate whom AUGUSTA's senate hails  
Father! and, in each charge, and high employ,  
Found worthy all her love, with amplest trust,  
And dignity invests. And well I ween,  
Her tribunitial pow'r, and purple pomp  
On thee confers, in living manners school'd  
To guard her weal, and vindicate her rights,  
O LADBROKE! once in the same fortunes class'd

Of early life; with count'nance unestrang'd,  
For ev'ry friendly deed still vacant found!

Nor can the Muse, while she these scenes surveys,  
Forget her SHENSTONE, in the youthful toil  
Associate; whose bright dawn of genius oft  
Smooth'd my incondite verse; whose friendly voice  
Call'd me from giddy sports to follow him  
Intent on better themes—call'd me to taste  
The charms of British song, the pictur'd page  
Admire, or mark his imitative skill;  
Or with him range in solitary shades,  
And scoop rude grottos in the shelving bank.  
Such were the joys that cheer'd life's early morn!  
Such the strong sympathy of soul, that knit  
Our hearts congenial in sweet amity!  
On CHERWEL's banks, by kindred science nurs'd;  
And well-matur'd in life's advancing stage,  
When, on ARDENNA's plain, we fondly stray'd,  
With mutual trust, and amicable thought;  
Or in the social circle gaily join'd:  
Or round his Leafowe's happy circuit rov'd;  
On hill, and dale invoking ev'ry Muse,

NOR TEMPE'S shade, nor AGANIPPE'S fount  
Envied ; so willingly the Dryads nurs'd  
His groves ; so lib'rally their crystal urns  
The Naiads pour'd, enchanted with his spells ;  
And pleas'd to see their ever-flowing streams  
Led by his hand, in many a mazy line ;  
Or, in the copious tide, collected large,  
Or tumbling from the rock, in sportive falls,  
Now, from the lofty bank, precipitate ;  
And now, in gentler course, with murmurs soft  
Soothing the ear ; and now, in concert join'd,  
Fall above fall, oblique, and intricate,  
Among the twisted roots. Ah ! whilst I write,  
In deeper murmur flows the sadning stream ;  
Wither the groves ; and from the beauteous scene,  
Its soft enchantments fly. No more for me  
A charm it wears, since he alas ! is gone,  
Whose genius plann'd it, and whose spirit grac'd.  
Ah ! hourly does the fatal doom, pronounc'd  
Against rebellious sin, some social band  
Dissolve, and leave a thousand friends to weep,  
Soon such themselves, as those they now lament !

This mournful tribute to thy mem'ry paid!  
The Muse pursues her solitary way ;  
But heavily pursues, since thou art gone,  
Whose counsel brighten'd, and whose friendship shar'd  
The pleasing task. Now BREMICHAM! to thee  
She steers her flight, and, in thy busy scenes,  
Seeks to restrain awhile the starting tear.

Yet ere her song describes the smoky forge,  
Or founding anvil, to the dusky heath  
Her gentle train she leads. What? tho' no grain,  
Or herbage sweet, or waving woods adorn  
Its dreary surface, yet it bears, within,  
A richer treasury. So worthy minds  
Oft lurk beneath a rude, unsightly form.  
More hapless they! that few observers search,  
Studious to find this intellectual ore,  
And stamp, with gen'rous deed, its current worth.  
Here many a merchant turns adventurer,  
Encourag'd, not disgusted. Interest thus,  
On fordid minds, with stronger impulse works,  
Than virtue's heav'nly flame. Yet Providence  
Converts to gen'ral use man's selfish ends.

Hence

Hence are the hungry fed, the naked cloath'd,  
The wintry damps dispell'd, and social mirth  
Exults, and glows before the blazing hearth.

When likely signs th' adventrous search invite,  
A cunning artist tries the latent foil :  
And if his subtle engine, in return,  
A brittle mass contains of fable hue,  
Strait he prepares th' obstructing earth to clear,  
And raise the crumbling rock. A narrow pass  
Once made, wide, and more wide the gloomy cave  
Stretches its vaulted isles, by num'rous hands  
Hourly extended. Some the pick-axe ply,  
Loos'ning the quarry from its native bed.  
Some waft it into light. Thus the grim ore,  
Here useless, like the miser's brighter hoard,  
Is from its prison brought, and sent abroad,  
The frozen hours to cheer, to minister  
To needful sustenance, and polish'd arts.  
Mean while the subterraneous city spreads  
Its covert streets, and echoes with the noise  
Of swarthy slaves, and instruments of toil.  
They, such the force of Custom's pow'ful laws !

Pursue their sooty labours, destitute  
 Of the sun's cheering light, and genial warmth.  
 And oft a chilling damp, or unctuous mist,  
 Loos'd from the crumbly caverns, issues forth,  
 Stopping the springs of life. And oft the flood,  
 Diverted from its course, in torrents pours,  
 Drowning the nether world. To cure these ills  
 Philosophy two curious arts supplies,  
 To drain th' imprison'd air, and, in its place,  
 Mote pure convey, or, with impetuous force,  
 To raise the gath'ring torrents from the deep.  
 One from the \* wind its salutary pow'r  
 Derives, thy charity to sick'ning crowds,  
 From cheerful haunts, and Nature's balmy draughts  
 Confin'd; O friend of man, illustrious † HALES!  
 That, stranger still! its influence owes to air ‡,  
 By cold, and heat alternate now condens'd,  
 Now rarefied ||. Agent! to vulgar thought

\* The Ventilator.

† Dr. STEPHEN HALES.

‡ The Fire-engine.

|| "Densat erant quæ rara modo, et quæ densa relaxat."



How seeming weak, in act how pow'rful seen!  
So Providence, by instruments despis'd,  
All human force, and policy confounds.

But who that fiercer element can rule?  
When, in the nitrous cave, the kindling flame,  
By pitchy vapours fed, from cell to cell,  
With fury spreads, and the wide fewell'd earth,  
Around, with greedy joy, receives the blaze.  
By its own entrails nourish'd, like those mounts  
Vesuvian, or Ætnean, still it wastes,  
And still new fewel for its rapine finds  
Exhaustless. Wretched he! who journeying late,  
O'er the parch'd heath, bewilder'd, seeks his way.  
Oft will his snorting steed, with terror struck,  
His wonted speed refuse, or start aside,  
With rising smoak, and ruddy flame annoy'd.  
While, at each step, his trembling rider quakes,  
Appall'd with thoughts of bog, or cavern'd pit,  
Or treach'rous earth, subsiding where they tread,  
Tremendous passage to the realms of death!

Yet want there not ev'n here some lucid spots  
The smoaky scene to cheer, and, by contrast,

More fair. Such DARTMOUTH's cultivated \* lawns!  
 Himself, distinguish'd more with ornament  
 Of cultur'd manners, and supernal light!  
 Such † thine, O BRIDGMAN! Such—but envious time  
 Forbids the Muse to these fair scenes to rove,  
 Still minding her of her unfinish'd theme,  
 From ruffet heaths, and smould'ring furnaces,  
 To trace the progress of thy steely arts,  
 ‡ *Queen of the sounding anvil!* ASTON || thee,  
 And § EDGBASTON with hospitable shade,  
 And rural pomp invest. O! warn thy sons;  
 When, for a time, their labours they forget,  
 Not to molest these peaceful solitudes.  
 So may the masters of the beauteous scene,  
 Protect thy commerce, and their toil reward.

\* SANDWEL, the seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of DARTMOUTH.

† CASTLE-BROMWICK, the seat of Sir HENRY BRIDGMAN, Bart.

‡ BREMICHAM, alias BIRMINGHAM.

|| The seat of Sir LISTER HOLT, Bart.

§ The seat of Sir HENRY GOUGH, Bart.

Nor does the barren soil conceal alone  
The fable rock inflammable. Oft-times  
More pond'rous ore beneath its surface lies,  
Compact, metallic, but with earthy parts  
Incrusted. These the smoaky kiln consumes,  
And to the furnace's impetuous rage  
Cónsigns the solid ore. In the fierce heat  
The pure dissolves, the dross remains behind,  
This push'd aside, the trickling metal flows  
Thro' secret valves along the channel'd floor,  
Where in the mazy moulds of figur'd sand,  
Anon it hardens. Now the busy forge  
Reiterates its blows, to form the bar  
Large, massy, strong. Another art expands,  
Another yet divides the yielding mass  
To many a taper length, fit to receive  
The artist's will, and take its destin'd form.

Soon o'er thy furrow'd pavement, BREMICHAM!  
Ride the loose bars obstrep'rous; to the sons  
Of languid sense, and frame too delicate  
Harsh noise perchance, but harmony to thine.

Infant innumerable hands prepare  
 To shape, and mould the malleable ore.  
 Their heavy sides th' inflated bellows heave,  
 Tugged by the pulley'd line, and, with their blast  
 Continuous, the sleeping embers rouse,  
 And kindle into life. Strait the rough mass,  
 Plung'd in the blazing hearth, its heat contracts,  
 And glows transparent. Now, CYCLOPEAN chief!  
 Quick on the anvil lay the burning bar,  
 And with thy lusty fellows, on its sides  
 Impress the weighty stroke. See, how they strain  
 The swelling nerve, and lift the sinewy \* arm  
 In measur'd time; while with their clatt'ring blows,  
 From street to street the propagated sound  
 Increasing echoes, and, on ev'ry side,  
 The tortur'd metal spreads a radiant show'r.

'Tis noise, and hurry all! The thronged street,  
 The close-piled warehouse, and the busy shop!

\* " Illi inter sese magnâ vi brachia tollunt

" In numerum, versantque tenaci forcipe ferrum,

VIRG.

With nimble stroke the tinkling hammers move ;  
 While slow, and weighty the vast sledge descends,  
 In solemn base responsive, or apart,  
 Or socially conjoin'd in tuneful peal.

The rough file \* grates ; yet useful is its touch,  
 As sharp corrosives to the schirrhous flesh,  
 Or, to the stubborn temper, keen rebuke.

How the coarse metal brightens into fame  
 Shap'd by their plastic hands ! what ornament !  
 What various use ! See there the glitt'ring knife  
 Of temper'd edge ! The scissars' double shaft,  
 Useless apart, in social union join'd,  
 Each aiding each ! Emblem how beautiful  
 Of happy nuptial leagues ! The button round,  
 Plain, or imboss'd, or bright with steely rays !  
 Or oblong buckle, on the lacker'd shoe,  
 With polish'd lustre, bending elegant  
 Its shapely rim. But who can count the forms

\* " Tum ferri rigor, et argutæ lamina ferræ,  
 " Tum variæ venere artes, &c."

VIRG.

That hourly from the glowing embers rise,  
 Or shine attractive thro' the glitt'ring pane,  
 And emulate their parent fires? what art  
 \* Can, in the scanty bounds of measur'd verse,  
 Display the treasure of a thousand mines  
 To wond'rous shapes by stubborn labour wrought?

Nor this alone thy praise. Of various grains  
 Thy sons a compound form, and to the fire  
 Commit the precious mixture, if perchance  
 Some glitt'ring mass may bless their midnight toil,  
 Or glossy varnish, or enamel fair,  
 To shame the pride of China, or Japan.  
 Nor wanting is the graver's pointed steel,  
 Nor pencil, wand'ring o'er the polish'd plate,  
 With glowing tints, and mimic life endued.  
 Thine too, of graceful form, the letter'd type!  
 The friend of learning, and the poet's pride!  
 Without thee what avail his splendid aims,

\* “ Sed neque quàm multæ species, nec nomina quæ sint,  
 “ Est numerus: neque enim numero comprênderé refert.”

VIRG.

And midnight labours? Painful drudgery!  
And pow'rless effort! But that thought of thee  
Imprints fresh vigour on his panting breast,  
As thou ere long shalt on his work impress;  
And, with immortal fame, his praise repay.

Hail, native British Ore! of thee possess'd,  
We envy not GOLCONDA's sparkling mines,  
Nor thine POTOSI! nor thy kindred hills,  
Teeming with gold. What? tho' in outward form  
Less fair? not less thy worth. To thee we owe  
More riches than Peruvian mines can yield,  
Or MOTEZUMA's crowded magazines,  
And palaces cou'd boast, though roof'd with gold.  
Splendid barbarity! and rich distress!  
Without the social arts, and useful toil;  
That polish life, and civilize the mind!  
These are thy gifts, which gold can never buy.

Thine is the praise to cultivate the soil;  
To bare its inmost strata to the sun;  
To break, and meliorate the stiffen'd clay,  
And, from its close confinement, set at large  
Its vegetative virtue. Thine it is

The with'ring hay, and ripen'd grain to sheer,  
And waft the joyous harvest round the land,

Go now, and see if, to the Silver's edge,  
The reedy stalk will yield its bearded store,  
In weighty sheafs. Or if the stubborn marle,  
In sidelong rows, with easy force will rise  
Before the Silver plowshare's glitt'ring point.

Or wou'd your gen'rous horses tread more safe  
On plated Gold? Your wheels, with swifter force  
On golden axles move? Then grateful own,  
BRITANNIA's sons! Heav'n's providential love,  
That gave you real wealth, not wealth in shew,  
Whose price in bare imagination lies,  
And artificial compact. Thankful ply

Your Iron arts, and rule the vanquish'd world,

Hail, native Ore! without thy pow'rful aid,  
We still had liv'd in huts, with the green sod,  
And broken branches roof'd. Thine is the plane,  
The chissel thine; which shape the well-arch'd dome,  
The graceful portico; and sculptur'd walls.

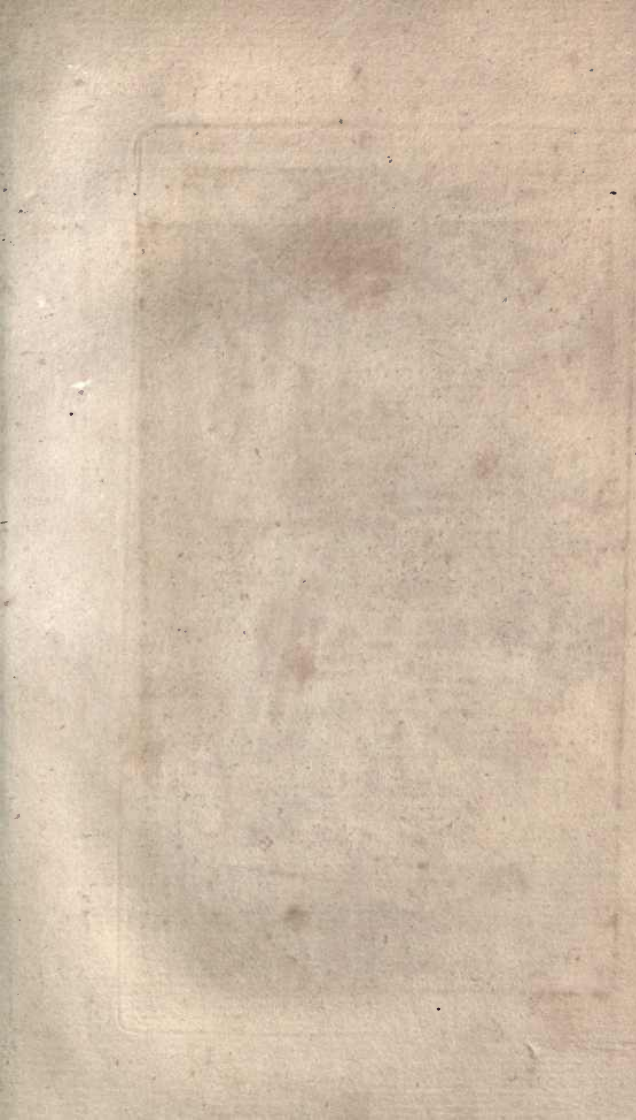
Wou'd ye your coarse, unsightly mines exchange  
For Mexicanian hills? to tread on gold,



As vulgar fand? with naked limbs, to brave  
The cold, bleak air? to urge the tedious chace,  
By painful hunger stung, with artless toil,  
Thro' gloomy forests, where the sounding axe,  
To the sun's beam, ne'er op'd the cheerful glade,  
Nor culture's healthful face was ever seen?  
In squalid huts to lay your weary limbs,  
Bleeding, and faint, and strangers to the bliss  
Of home-felt ease, which British swains can earn,  
With a bare spade; but ill alas! cou'd earn,  
With spades of gold? Such the poor Indian's lot!  
Who starves 'midst gold, like misers o'er their bags;  
Not with like guilt! Hail, native British Ore!  
For thine is trade, that with its various stores,  
Sails round the world, and visits ev'ry clime,  
And makes the treasures of each clime her own,  
By gainful commerce of her woolly vests,  
Wrought by the spiky comb; or steely wares,  
From the coarse mass, by stubborn toil, refin'd.  
Such are thy peaceful gifts! And War to thee  
Its best support, and deadliest horror owes,

The glitt'ring faulchion, and the thund'ring tube !  
At whose tremendous gleam, and volley'd fire,  
Barbarian kings fly from their uselefs hoards,  
And yield them all to thy superior pow'r.

END OF BOOK THE THIRD.



to face page 107.



C. Grogan sc.

J. White del.

ARGUMENT TO BOON THE FORTIN

EDG E-HILL.

BOOK IV.

EVENING.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK THE FOURTH:

*Evening Walk along the Hill to the N. E. Point. Scene from thence. DASSET - HILLS. FARNBOROUGH. WORMLEIGHTON. SHUCKBURG. LEAME and ICHENE. Places near those two Rivers. BENNONES, or HIGH-CROSS. FOSS-WAY. WATLING-STREET. Inland Navigation. Places of Note. Return. Panegyric on the Country. The Scene moralized. Tho' beautiful, yet transient. Change by Approach of Winter. Of Storms and Pestilential Seasons. Murrain. Rot amongst the Sheep. General Thoughts on the Vanity and Disorders of human Life. Battle of EDGE-HILL. Reflections. Conclusion.*

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E D G E - H I L L .

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B O O K IV.

E V E N I N G.

**I**N purple vestments clad, the temper'd sky  
Invites us from our hospitable roof,  
To taste her influence mild; while to the west  
The jocund sun his radiant chariot drives,  
With rapid course, untir'd. Ye nymphs, and swains!  
Now quit the shade, and, with recruited strength,  
Along the yet untroden terrace urge  
Your vig'rous steps. With moderated heat,

And

And ray oblique, the sun shall not o'erpow'r,  
But kindly aid your yet unfinish'd search.

Not after fable night, in silence hush'd,  
More welcome is th' approach of op'ning morn,  
' With song of early birds,' than the fresh breeze  
Of soften'd air succeeding sultry heat,  
And the wild tumult of the buzzing day.

Nor think, tho' much is past, that nought remains,  
Or nought of beauty, or attractive worth,  
Save what the morning-sun, or noon-tide ray,  
Hath, with his rising beam, distinctly mark'd,  
Or more confus'dly, with meridian blaze,  
Daz'ling display'd imperfect. Downward he  
Shall other hills illumine opposite,  
And other vales as beauteous as the past;  
Suggesting to the Muse new argument,  
And fresh instruction for her closing lay.

There DASSET's ridgy mountain courts the song,  
Scarce MALVERN boasts his adverse boundary  
More graceful. Like the tempest-driven wave,  
Irregularly great, his bare tops brave



The winds, and, on his sides, the fat'ning ox  
Crops the rich verdure. When at HASTINGS' field,  
The Norman Conqueror a kingdom won  
In this fair Isle, and to another race  
The Saxon pow'r transferr'd ; an alien \* lord,  
Companion of his toil ! by sov'reign grant,  
These airy fields obtain'd. Now the tall Mount,  
By claim more just, a nobler master owns ;  
To tyrant force, and slavish laws a foe.  
But happier lands, near OUSE's reedy shore,  
(What leifure ardent love of public weal  
Permits) his care employ ; where Nature's charms  
With learned Art combin'd ; the richest domes,  
And fairest lawns, adorn'd with ev'ry grace  
Of beauty, or magnificent design,  
By COBHAM's eye approv'd, or GRENVILLE plann'd,  
The villas of imperial Rome outvie ;  
And form a scene of statelier pomp—a STOWE.  
*Her* walls the living boast, *these* boast the dead,  
Beneath their roof, in sacred dust entomb'd.

\* The Earl of MELLENT.

Lie light, O earth ! on that illustrious Dame \*,  
 Who, from her own prolific womb deriv'd,  
 To people thy green orb, successive saw  
 Sev'n times an hundred births. A goodlier train !  
 Than that, with which the Patriarch journey'd erst  
 From PADAN-ARAM, to the Mamrean plains :  
 Or that more num'rous, which, with large increase,  
 At JOSEPH's call, in wond'rous caravans,  
 Reviving sight ! by Heav'n's decree prepar'd,  
 He led to GOSHEN, EGYPT's fruitful soil.

Where the tall pillar lifts its taper head,  
 Her spacious terrace, and surrounding lawns,  
 Deckt with no sparing cost of planted tufts,  
 Or ornamented building, † FARNBOROUGH boasts.  
 Hear they her master's call ? in sturdy troops,  
 The jocund labourers hie, and, at his nod,  
 A thousand hands or smooth the slanting hill,

\* Dame HESTER TEMPLE, of whom this is recorded by FULLER, in his account of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, and who lies buried, with many of that ancient family, in the parish-church of BURTON-DASSET.

† The seat of WILLIAM HOLBECH, Esq.

Or scoop new channels for the gath'ring flood,  
And, in his pleasures, find substantial blifs.

Nor shall thy verdant pastures be unfung

\* WORMLEIGHTON! erst th' abode of SPENSER'S  
race,

Their title now! What? tho' in height thou yield'st  
To DASSET, not in sweet luxuriance  
Of fatning herbage, or of rising groves;  
Beneath whose shade the lusty steers repose  
Their cumbrous limbs, mixt with the woolly tribes,  
And leisurely concoct their grassy meal.

Her wood-capt summit † SHUCKBURGH there displays;

Nor fears neglect, in her own worth secure,  
And glorying in the name her master bears.  
Nor will her scenes, with closer eye, survey'd,  
Frustrate the searcher's toil, if steepy hills,  
By frequent chasms disjoin'd, and glens profound,

\* An estate, and ancient feat, belonging to the Right Hon. Earl SPENSER.

† The feat of Sir CH. SHUCKBURGH, Bart.

And broken precipices, vast, and rude  
 Delight the sense; or Nature's lesser works,  
 Tho' lesser, not less fair! or native stone,  
 Or fish, the little \* Astroit's doubtful race,  
 For starry rays, and pencil'd shades admir'd!  
 Invite him to these fields, their airy bed.

Where LEAME and ICHENE own a kindred rise,  
 And haste their neighb'ring currents to unite,  
 New hills arise, new pastures green, and fields  
 With other harvests crown'd; with other charms  
 Villas, and towns with other arts adorn'd.  
 There ICHINGTON its downward structures views  
 In ICHENE's passing wave, which, like the Mole,  
 Her subterraneous journey long pursues,  
 Ere to the sun she gives her lucid stream.  
 Thy villa, † LEAMINGTON! her sister nymph  
 In her fair bosom shews; while, on her banks,  
 As further she her liquid course pursues,

\* The Astroites, or Star-stones, found here.

† The seat of Sir WILLIAM WHEELER, Bart.

Amidst.

Amidst surrounding woods his ancient walls

\* BIRB'RY conceals, and triumphs in the shade.

Not such thy lot, O † BOURTON! nor from fight

Retirest thou, but, with complacent smile,

Thy social aspect courts the distant eye,

And views the distant scene reciprocal,

Delighting, and delighted. Dusky heaths

Succeed, as oft to mirth, the gloomy hour!

Leading th' unfinish'd search to thy fam'd seat

‡ BENNONES! where two military ways

Each other cross, transverse from sea to sea,

The Romans hostile paths! There § NEWNHAM'S

walls

With graceful pride ascend, th' inverted pile

In her clear stream, with flow'ry margin grac'd,

Admiring. || NEWBOLD there her modest charms

\* The seat of Sir THEOPHILUS BIDDULPH, Bart.

† The seat of JOHN SHUCKBURGH, Esq.

‡ A Roman station, where the Foss-Way and Watling-street cross each other.

§ The seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of DENBEIGH.

|| The seat of Sir FRANCIS SKIPWITH, Bart.

More bashfully unveils, with solemn woods,  
 And verdant glades enamour'd. Here her lawns,  
 And rising groves for future shelter form'd,  
 Fair \* COTON wide displays. There ADDISON,  
 With mind serene, his moral theme revolv'd,  
 Instruction drest in Learning's fairest form!  
 The graveſt wiſdom with the liveliest wit  
 Attemper'd! or, beneath thy roof retir'd  
 O † BILTON! much of peace, and liberty  
 Sublimely mus'd, on BRITAIN'S weal intent,  
 Or in thy ſhade the coy Pierians woo'd.

Another theme demands the varying ſong.

Lo! where but late the flocks, and heifers graz'd,  
 Or yellow harveſts wav'd, now, thro' the vale,  
 Or o'er the plain, or round the ſlanting hill  
 A glitt'ring path attracts the gazer's eye,  
 Where footy barques purſue their liquid track  
 Thro' lawns, and woods, and villages remote  
 From public haunt, which wonder as they paſs.

\* The ſeat of DIXWELL GRIMES, Eſq.

† The ſeat of the Right Hon. JOSEPH ADDISON, Eſq.

The channel'd road still onward moves, and still  
With level course, the flood attendant leads.  
Hills, dales oppose in vain. A thousand hands  
Now thro' the mountain's side a passage ope,  
Now with stupendous arches bridge the vale,  
Now over paths, and rivers urge their way  
Aloft in air. Again the Roman pride  
Beneath thy spacious camp embattled hill,  
O \* BRINKLOW ! seems with gentler arts return'd.  
But BRITAIN now no bold invader fears,  
No foreign aid invokes. Alike in arts  
Of peace, or war renown'd. Alike in both  
She rivals ancient ROME's immortal fame.

Still villas fair, and populous towns remain—  
POLESWORTH, and ATHERSTONE, and EATON's walls  
To charity devote ! and, TAMWORTH, thine

\* The Canal design'd for a communication between the Cities of OXFORD and COVENTRY, passes through BRINKLOW, where is a magnificent aqueduct, consisting of twelve arches, with a high bank of earth at each end, crossing a valley beneath the vestiges of a Roman camp, and tumulus, on the Foss-Way.

To martial fame! and thine, O \* MERIVAL!  
 Boasting thy beauteous woods, and lofty scite!  
 † And COLESHILL! long for momentary date  
 Of human life, tho' for our wishes short,  
 Repose of DIGBY's honourable age!

Nor may the Muse, tho' on her homeward way  
 Intent, short space refuse his alleys green,  
 And decent walls with due respect to greet  
 ‡ On BLYTHE's fair stream, to whose laborious toil  
 She many a lesson owes, his painful search  
 Enjoying without pain, and, at her ease,  
 With equal love of native soil inspir'd,  
 Singing in measur'd phrase her country's fame.

§ Nor, ARBURY! may we thy scenes forget,

\* The seat of the late EDWARD STRATFORD, Esq; an extensive view to Charley Forest and Bosworth Field.

† Seat of the late Right Hon. Lord DIGBY, commonly called, the good Lord DIGBY.

‡ BLYTHE HALL, the seat of Sir WILLIAM DUGDALE, now belonging to RICHARD GEAST, Esq.

§ The seat of Sir ROGER NEWDIGATE, Bart. Member of Parliament for the University of Oxford.



Haunt of the Naiads, and each woodland nymph!  
Rejoicing in his care, to whom adorn'd  
With all the graces which her schools expound,  
The gowny sons of Isis trust their own,  
And BRITAIN'S weal. Nor shall thy splendid walls,  
O \* PACKINGTON! allure the Muse in vain.  
The Goths no longer here their empire hold.  
The shaven terrac'd hill, slope above slope,  
And high impris'ning walls to Belgia's coast  
Their native clime retire.—In formal bounds  
The long canal no more confines the stream  
Reluctant.—Trees no more their tortur'd limbs  
Lament—no more the long-neglected fields,  
Like outlaws banish'd for some vile offence,  
Are hid from sight—from its proud reservoir  
Of amplest size, and fair indented form,  
Along the channel'd lawn the copious stream  
With winding grace the stately current leads.  
The channel'd lawn its bounteous stream repays,  
With ever-verdant banks, and cooling shades,

\* The seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of AYLESFORD.

And wand'ring paths, that emulate its course.  
 On ev'ry side spreads wide the beauteous scene,  
 Asssemblage fair of plains, and hills, and woods,  
 And plants of od'rous scent—plains, hills, and woods,  
 And od'rous plants rejoice, and smiling hail  
 The reign of Nature, while attendant Art  
 Submissive waits to cultivate her charms.

Hail happy land! which Nature's partial smile  
 Hath robed profusely gay! whose champaigns wide  
 With plenteous harvests wave; whose pastures swarm  
 With horned tribes, or the sheep's fleecy race;  
 To the thronged shambles yielding wholesome food,  
 And various labour to man's active pow'rs,  
 Not less benign than to the weary rest.  
 Nor destitute thy woodland scenes of wealth,  
 Or sylvan beauty! there the lordly swain  
 His scantier fields improves; o'er his own realms  
 Supreme, at will to sow his well-fenc'd glebe,  
 With grain successive; or with juicy herbs,  
 To swell his milky kine; or feed, at ease,  
 His flock in pastures warm. His blazing hearth,  
 With copious fuel heap'd, defies the cold;

And houswife-arts or teize the tangled wool,  
Or, from the distaff's hoard, the ductile thread,  
With sportive hand entice; while to the wheel  
The sprightly carol join'd, or plaintive song  
Diffuse, and artless sooths th' untutor'd ear.  
With heart-felt strains, and the slow task beguiles.

Nor hath the sun, with less propitious ray,  
Shone on the masters of the various scene.  
Witness the splendid train! illustrious names,  
That claim precedence on the lists of fame,  
Nor fear oblivious time! enraptur'd Bards!  
Or learned Sages! gracing, with their fame,  
Their native soil, and my aspiring verse.

Say, now my dear companions! for enough  
Of leisure to descriptive song is giv'n;  
Say, shall we, ere we part, with moral eye,  
The scene review, and the gay prospect close  
With observation grave, as sober eve  
Hastes now to wrap in shades the closing day?  
Perhaps the moral strain delights you not!  
Perhaps you blame the Muse's quick retreat;  
Intent to wander still along the plain,

In coverts cool, lull'd by the murm'ring stream,  
 Or gentle breeze; while playful fancy skims,  
 With careless wing, the surfaces of things:  
 For deep research too indolent, too light  
 For grave reflection. So the Syren queen  
 Tempted ALCIDES, on a flow'ry plain,  
 With am'rous blandishment, and urg'd to waste  
 His prime inglorious: but fair VIRTUE'S form  
 Rescued the yielding youth, and fir'd his breast  
 To manly toil, and glory's well-earn'd prize,  
 O! in that dang'rous season, O! beware  
 Of Vice, envenom'd weed! and plant betimes  
 The seeds of virtue in th' untainted heart.  
 So on its fruit th' enraptur'd mind shall feast  
 When, to the smiling day, and mirthful scene  
 Night's solemn gloom, cold winter's chilling blasts,  
 And pain, and sickness, and old age succeed.  
 Nor slight your faithful guide, my gentle train!  
 But, with a curious eye, expatiate free  
 O'er Nature's moral plan. Tho' dark the theme,  
 Tho' formidable to the sensual mind;  
 Yet shall the Muse, with no fictitious aid,

Inspir'd, still guide you with her friendly voice,  
And to each seeming ill some greater good  
Oppose, and calm your lab'ring thoughts to rest.

Nature herself bids us be serious,  
Bids us be wise ; and all her works rebuke  
The ever-thoughtless, ever-titt'ring tribe.  
What, tho' her lovely hills, and valleys smile  
To-day, in beauty drest ? yet, ere three moons  
Renew their orb, and to their wane decline,  
Ere then the beauteous landscape all will fade ;  
The genial airs retire ; and shiv'ring swains  
Shall, from the whiten'd plain, and driving storm,  
Avert the smarting cheek, and humid eye.

So some fair maid to time's devouring rage  
Her bloom resigns, and, with a faded look,  
Disgusts her paramour ; unless thy charms,  
O Virtue ! with more lasting beauty grace  
Her lovelier mind, and, thro' declining age,  
Fair deeds of piety, and modest worth,  
Still flourish, and endear her still the more.

Nor always lasts the Landscape's gay attire  
Till surly Winter, with his ruffian blasts,

Benumbs her tribes, and dissipates her charms,  
 As sickness oft the virgin's early bloom  
 Spoils immature, preventing hoary age,  
 So blasts and mildews oft invade the fields  
 In all their beauty, and their summer's pride,  
 And oft the sudden show'r, or sweeping \* storm,  
 O'erflows the meads, and to the miry glebe  
 Lays close the matted grain; with awful peal,  
 While the loud thunder shakes a guilty world,  
 And forked lightnings cleave the sultry skies.

Nor does the verdant mead, or bearded field  
 Alone the rage of angry skies sustain.  
 Oft-times their influence dire the bleating flock,  
 Or lowing herd affails, and mocks the force  
 Of costly med'cine, or attendant care.  
 Such late the wrathful pestilence, that seiz'd  
 In pastures far retir'd, or guarded stalls,

\* " Sæpe etiam immensum cælo venit agmen aquarum,  
 " Et fædam glomerant tempestatem imbribus atris  
 " Collectæ ex alto nubes; ruit arduus æther,  
 " Et pluviâ ingenti fata læta, boumque labores  
 " Diluit."      VIRG.

The dew-lap'd race! with plaintive lowings they,  
 And heavy eyes, confess'd the pois'nous gale,  
 And drank infection in each breath they drew.  
 Quick thro' their veins the burning fever ran,  
 And from their nostrils stream'd the putrid rheum  
 Malignant; o'er their limbs faint languors crept,  
 And stupefaction all their senses bound.  
 In vain their master, with officious hand,  
 From the pil'd mow the sweetest lock presents;  
 Or anxiously prepares the tepid draught  
 Balsamic; they the proffer'd dainty loath,  
 And \* Death exulting claims his destin'd prey.

Nor seldom † coughs, and watry rheums afflict  
 The woolly tribes, and on their vitals seize;  
 Thinning their folds; and, with their mangled limbs,

\* “ Hinc lætis vituli vulgo moriuntur in herbis,  
 “ Et dulces animas plena ad præsepia reddunt.”

VIRG.

† “ Non tam creber agens hyemem ruit æthere turbo,  
 “ Quam multæ pecudum pestes, nec singula morbi  
 “ Corpora corripunt, sed tota æstiva repentè  
 “ Spemque, gregemque simul, cunctamque ab origine  
 “ gentem.”

VIRG.

And

And tatter'd fleeces, the averted eye  
Disgusting, as the squeamish traveller,  
With long-suspended breath, hies o'er the plain.  
And is their lord, proud Man! more safe than they?  
More privileg'd from the destroying breath,  
That, thro' the secret shade, in darkness walks,  
Or smites whole pastures at the noon of day?  
Ah! no, Death mark'd him from his infant birth;  
Mark'd for his own, and, with envenom'd touch,  
His vital blood defil'd. Thro' all his veins  
The subtle poison creeps; compounded joins  
Its kindred mass to his increasing bulk;  
And, to the rage of angry elements,  
Betrays his victim, poor, ill-fated Man;  
Not surer born to live, than born to die!  
In what a sad variety of forms  
Clothes he his messengers? Deliriums wild!  
Inflated dropsy! slow consuming cough!  
Jaundice, and gout, and stone; convulsive spasms;  
The shaking head, and the contracted limb;  
And ling'ring atrophy, and hoary age;  
And second childhood, slack'ning ev'ry nerve,



To joy, to reason, and to duty dead!  
I know thee, who thou art, offspring of Sin,  
And Satan! nurs'd in Hell, and then let loose  
To range, with thy accursed train, on earth,  
When man, apostate man, by Satan's wiles,  
From life, from bliss, from God, and goodness fell!  
Who knows thee not? who feels thee not within,  
Plucking his heart-strings? whom hast thou not  
    robb'd

Of parent, wife, or friend, as thou hast me?  
Glutting the grave with ever-crowding guests,  
And, with their image, sad'ning ev'ry scene,  
Less peopled with the living than the dead!

Thro' populous streets the never-ceasing bell  
Proclaims, with solemn sound, the parting breath;  
Nor seldom from the village-tow'r is heard  
The mournful knell. Alike the grassy ridge,  
With osiers bound, and vaulted catacomb,  
His spoils inclose. Alike the simple stone,  
And mausoleum proud, his pow'r attest,  
In wretched doggrel, or elab'rate verse.

Perhaps

Perhaps the peasant's humble obsequies ;  
The flowing sheet, and pall of rusty hue,  
Alarm you not. You slight the simple throng ;  
And for the nodding plumes, and scutcheon'd hearse,  
Your tears reserve. Then mark, o'er yonder plain,  
The grand procession suited to your taste.

I mock you not. The sable pursuivants  
Proclaim th' approaching state. Lo ! now the plumes !  
The nodding plumes, and scutcheon'd hearse ap-  
pear !

And clad in mournful weeds, a long sad train  
Of slowly-moving pomp, that waits on death !  
Nay—yet another melancholy train !

Another triumph of the ghastly fiend  
Succeeds ! 'Tis so. Perhaps ye have not heard  
The mournful tale. Perhaps no messenger

Hath warn'd you to attend the solemn deed !  
Then from the Muse the piteous story learn ;  
And, with her, on the grave procession wait,  
That to their early tomb, to mould'ring dust  
Of ancestors, that crowd the scanty vault,

Near

Near which our song began, \* NORTHAMPTON bears,  
The gay NORTHAMPTON, and his beauteous † Bride!  
Far other pageants in his youthful breast  
He cherish'd, while, with delegated trust,  
On stately ceremonials, to the shore,  
Where ADRIA'S waves the sea-girt city lave,  
He went; and, with him, join'd in recent love,  
His blooming Bride, of BEAUFORT'S royal line,  
The charming SOMERSET! But royal blood,  
Nor youth, nor beauty, nor employment high,  
Cou'd grant protection from the rude assault  
Of that barbarian Death; who, without form,  
To courts and cottages unbidden comes;  
And his unwelcome embassy fulfils,  
Without distinction, to the lofty peer,  
The graceful bride, or peasant's homely race,  
Ere, from her native soil, she saw the sun

\* The Right Hon. the Earl of NORTHAMPTON, who died on his return from an embassy to VENICE, while the Author was writing this poem.

† The Right Hon. the Countess of NORTHAMPTON, daughter to the Duke of BEAUFORT.

Run half his annual course, in Latian climes,  
She breath'd her last; him, ere that course was  
done,

Death met returning on the Gallic plains,  
And sent to join her yet unburied dust:  
Who, but this youthful pair's untimely fate  
Must weep, who, but in theirs, may read their own?

Another lesson seek ye, other proof  
Of vanity, and lamentable woe  
Betiding man? Another scene to grace  
With troops of victims the terrific king,  
And humble wanton Folly's laughing sons?  
The Muse shall from her faithful memory  
A tale select; a tale big with the fate  
Of kings, and heroes on this now fair field  
Embattled! but her song shall to your view  
Their ranks embody, and, to future peace,  
Their fierce designs, and hostile rage convert.

Not on PHARSALIA's plain a *bolder strife*  
Was *beld*, tho' twice with ROMAN blood distain'd,  
Than when thy subjects, first imperial CHARLES!  
Dared, in these fields, with arms their cause to plead.

\* Where once the Román's pitch'd their hostile tents,  
Other Campanias fair, and milder Alps  
Exploring, now a nobler warrior stood,  
His country's sov'reign liege! Around his camp  
A gallant train of loftiest rank attend,  
By loyalty, and love of regal sway,  
To mighty deeds impell'd. Mean while below  
Others no less intrepid courage boast,  
From source as fair, the love of Liberty!  
Dear Liberty! when rightly understood,  
Prime social blifs! Oh! may no fraud  
Usurp thy name, to veil their dark designs  
Of vile ambition, or licentious rage!

Long time had they, with charge of mutual blame,  
And fierce debate of speech, discordant minds  
Avow'd, yet not to desp'rate chance of war  
'Till now their cause referr'd: rude arbiter  
Of fit, and right! Unhappy native land!  
Nought then avail'd that Nature form'd thy fields  
So fair, and with her wat'ry barrier fenc'd!

\* A ROMAN camp at WARMINGTON, on the top of  
EDGE-HILL.

Nought then avail'd thy forms of guardian laws,  
 The work of ages, in a moment lost,  
 And ev'ry social tie at once dissolv'd!  
 For now no more sweet peace, and order fair,  
 And kindred love remain'd, but hostile rage  
 Instead, and mutual jealousy, and hate,  
 And tumult loud! nor, hadst thou then been there,  
 \* O TALBOT! cou'd thy voice, so often heard  
 On heav'nly themes! nor † his fraternal! skill'd  
 In social claims, the limits to define  
 Of law, and right, have calm'd the furious strife,  
 Or still'd the rattling thunder of the field.

Across the plain, where the slight eminence,  
 And scatter'd hedge-rows mark a midway space  
 To yonder ‡ town, once deem'd a royal court;  
 Now harbouring no friends to royalty!  
 The popular troops their martial lines extend.

\* The Rev. Mr. TALBOT, of KINETON.

† CH. HENRY TALBOT, Esq; of MARSTON, at the bottom of EDGE-HILL.

‡ KINETON, alias KINGTON. So called, as some conjecture, from a castle on a neighbouring hill, said to have been a palace belonging to King JOHN.

High

High on the hill, the royal banners wave  
Their faithful signals. Rang'd along the steep,  
The glitt'ring files, in burnish'd armour clad,  
Reflect the downward sun; and, with its gleam,  
The distant crowds affright, who trembling wait  
For the dire onset, and the dubious fight.

As pent-up waters, swell'd by sudden rains,  
Their former bounds disdain, and foam, and rage  
Impatient of restraint; till, at some breach,  
Outward they burst impetuous, and mock  
The peasant's feeble toil, which strives to check  
Their headlong torrent; so the royal troops,  
With martial rage inflam'd, impatient wait  
The trumpet's summons. At its sprightly call,  
The airy seat they leave, and down the steep,  
Rank following rank, like wave succeeding wave,  
Rush on the hostile wings. Dire was the shock,  
Dire was the clash of arms! The hostile wings  
Give way, and soon in flight their safety seek.  
They, with augmented force, and growing rage  
The flying foe pursue. But too secure,  
And counting of cheap conquest quickly gain'd

O'er dastard minds, in wordy quarrels bold,  
But slack by deeds to vindicate their claim,  
In chace, and plunder long they waste the day,  
And late return, of order negligent.  
Mean while the battle in the centre rag'd  
With diff'rent fortune, by bold ESSEX led,  
Experienc'd chief! and to the monarch's cause,  
And youthful race, for martial deeds unripe,  
Menac'd destruction. In the royal breast  
High passions rose, by native dignity  
Made more sublime, and urg'd to pow'rful act  
By strong, \* paternal love, and proud disdain  
Of vulgar minds, arrainging in his race  
The rights of sov'reignty, from ancient kings  
In order fair deriv'd. Amidst his troops  
With haste he flies, their broken ranks reforms,  
To bold revenge re-animates their rage,  
And from the foe his short-liv'd honour wrests.

\* Prince CHARLES, afterwards King CHARLES II. and his brother the Duke of YORK, afterwards King JAMES II. were then in the field, the former being in the 13th, and the latter just enter'd into the 10th year of his age.



Now Death, with hasty stride, stalks o'er the field,  
Grimly exulting in the bloody fray.

Now on the crested helm or burnish'd shield,  
He stamps new horrors ; now the levell'd sword  
With weightier force impells, with iron-hoof  
Now tramples on th' expiring ranks ; or gores  
The foaming steed against th' opposing spear.  
But chiefly on the cannon's brazen orb  
He sits triumphant, and, with fatal aim,  
Involves whole squadrons in the sulph'rous storm.

Then \* LINDSEY fell, nor from the shelt'ring straw,  
Ceas'd he to plead his sov'reign's slighted cause  
Amidst surrounding foes ; nor but with life,  
Expir'd his loyalty. His valiant son †  
Attempts his rescue, but attempts in vain !  
Then ‡ VERNEY too, with many a gallant knight,  
And faithful courtier, anxious for thy weal,

\* Earl of LINDSEY, the King's general.

† Lord WILLOUGHBY, son to the Earl of LINDSEY.

‡ Sir EDMUND VERNEY, standard-bearer to the king.

Unhappy Prince! but mindless of their own,  
 Pour'd out his life upon the crimson plain,  
 Then fell the gallant \* STEWART, † AUBIGNY,  
 ‡ And KINGSMILL! He whose monumental stone  
 Protects his neighb'ring ashes, and his fame.

The closing day compos'd the furious strife:  
 But for short time compos'd! anon to wake  
 With tenfold rage, and spread a wider scene  
 Of terror, and destruction o'er the land!

Now mark the glories of the great debate!  
 Yon' grass-green mount, where waves the planted  
 pine,  
 And whispers to the winds the mournful tale,  
 Contains them in its monumental mould;  
 A slaughter'd crew, promiscuous lodg'd below!  
 Still as the plowman breaks the clotted glebe,  
 He ever and anon some trophy finds,

\* Lord STEWART.

† Lord AUBIGNY, son to the Duke of LENOX.

‡ Captain KINGSMILL, buried at RADWAY; whose monument see at the end of the Poem.

The \* relicks of the war—or rusty spear,  
 Or canker'd ball; but, from sepulchral foil,  
 Cautious he turns aside the shining steel,  
 Left haply, at its touch, uncover'd bones  
 Should start to view, and blast his rural toil.

Such were the fruits of Passion, froward Will,  
 And unsubmitting Pride! Worse storms than those  
 That rend the sky, and waste our cultur'd fields!  
 Strangers alike to man's primæval state,  
 Ere Evil entrance found to this fair world,  
 Permitted, not ordain'd, whatever Pride  
 May dream of order in a world of sin,  
 Or pre-existent foul, and penal doom  
 For crimes unknown. More wise, more happy he!  
 Who in his breast oft pond'ring, and perplext  
 With endless doubt, and learning's fruitless toil,  
 His weary mind at length reposes sure

- \* “ Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis,  
 “ Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,  
 “ Exesa inveniet scabrâ rubigine pila,  
 “ Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,  
 “ Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.”

VIRG.

On

On Heav'n's attested oracles. To them  
Submits he bows, convinc'd, however weak  
His reason the mysterious plan to solve,  
That all He wills is right, who, ere the worlds  
Were form'd, in his all-comprehensive mind,  
Saw all that was, or is, or e'er shall be.  
Who to whate'er exists, or lives, or moves,  
Throughout creation's wide extent, gave life,  
Gave being, pow'r, and thought to act, to move  
Impelling, or impell'd, to all ordain'd  
Their ranks, relations, and dependencies,  
And can direct, suspend, controul their pow'rs,  
Else were he not supreme! Who bids the winds  
Be still, and they obey; who to the sea  
Affigns its bounds, and calms its boisterous waves,  
Who, with like ease can moral discord rule,  
And all apparent evil turn to good.

Hail then, ye sons of EVE! th' unerring guide,  
The sovereign grant receive, sin's antidote!  
A cure for all our griefs! So heav'nly Truth  
Shall wide display her captivating charms,  
And Peace her dwelling fix with human race.

So Love thro' ev'ry clime his gentle reign  
Shall spread, and at his call discordant realms  
Shall beat their swords to plowshares, and their spears  
To pruning-hooks, nor more learn murth'rous war.  
So when revolving years, by Heav'n's decree,  
Their circling course have run, new firmaments,  
With blessings fraught, shall fill the bright expanse,  
Of tempests void, and thunder's angry voice.  
New verdure shall arise to cloathe the fields :  
New EDENS! teeming with immortal fruit!  
No more the wing'd inhabitants of air  
Or those that range the fields, or skim the flood,  
Their fierceness shall retain, but brute with brute,  
And all with man in amicable league  
Shall join, and enmity for ever cease.

Remains there aught to crown the rapt'rous theme?  
'Tis this, unfading joy, beyond the reach  
Of elemental worlds, and short-liv'd time.  
This too is yours—from outward sense conceal'd,  
But, by resemblance of external things,  
Inward display'd, to elevate the soul  
To thoughts sublime, and point her way to Heav'n.

So, from the top of NEBO's lofty mount,  
The patriot-leader of JEHOVAH's sons  
The promis'd land survey'd; to CANAAN's race  
A splendid theatre of frantic joys,  
And fatal mirth, beyond whose scanty bounds  
Darkness, and horror dwell! Emblem to *him*  
Of fairer fields, and happier seats above!  
Then closed his eyes to mortal scenes, to wake  
In the bright regions of eternal day.

THE END.





to face page 141.



C. G. Gougeon Sc.

W. Sawyer del.



LABOUR, AND GENIUS:

OR, THE

Mill - Stream, *and the* Cascade.

A F A B L E.

INSCRIBED TO

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq.

— “discordia Semina rerum.”

OVID.

LABOUR AND GENIUS

BY THE

REV. JAMES H. CLARKE

A. B. C. D.

INTRODUCED TO

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, ESQ.

BY THE

REV.

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LABOUR, AND GENIUS:

OR, THE

Mill - Stream, *and the* Cascade.

A F A B L E.

**N**ATURE, with lib'ral hand, dispenses  
Her apparatus of the senses,

In articles of gen'ral use,

Nerves, sinews, muscles, bones profuse.

Distinguishing her fav'rite race

With form erect, and featur'd face :

The flowing hair, the polish'd skin—

But, for the furniture within,

Whether

Whether it be of brains, or lead,  
 What matters it, so there's a head?  
 For wisest noddle seldom goes,  
 But as 'tis led by corp'ral nose.  
 Nor is it thinking much, but doing,  
 That keeps our tenements from ruin,  
 And hundreds eat, who spin, or knit,  
 For one that lives by dint of wit.

The sturdy thresher plies his flail,  
 And what to this doth wit avail?  
 Who learns from wit to press the spade?  
 Or thinks 'twou'd mend the cobbler's trade?  
 The pedlar, with his cumb'rous pack,  
 Carries his brains upon his back.  
 Some wear them in full-bottom'd wig,  
 Or hang them by with *queue*, or *pig*.  
 Reduc'd, till they return again,  
 In dishabille, to common men.  
 Then why, my friend, is wit so rare?  
 That sudden flash, that makes one stare!  
 A meteor's blaze, a dazzling shew!  
 Say what it is, for well you know.

Or, if you can with patience hear  
A witlefs Fable, lend an ear.

BETWIXT two flogging verdant hills,  
A Current pour'd its carelefs rills,  
Which unambitious crept along,  
With weeds, and matted grafs o'erhung.  
Till *rural Genius*, on a day,  
Chancing along its banks to ftray,  
Remark'd with penetrating look  
The latent merits of the Brook,  
Much griev'd to fee fuch talents hid,  
And thus the dull by-ftanders chid.

How blind is man's incurious race,  
The fcope of Nature's plans to trace?  
How do ye mangle half her charms,  
And fright her hourly with alarms?  
Disfigure now her fwelling mounds,  
And now contract her fpacious bounds?  
Fritter her faireft lawns to alleys,  
Bare her green hills, and hide her valleys?

Confine her streams with rule and line,  
 And counteract her whole design ?  
 Neglecting, where she points the way,  
 Her easy dictates to obey ?

To bring her hidden worth to light ;  
 And place her charms in fairest light ?

Alike to *intellectuals* blind,

'Tis thus you treat the youthful mind ;  
 Mistaking gravity for sense,  
 For dawn of wit, impertinence.

The boy of genuine parts, and merit,  
 For some unlucky prank of spirit,  
 With frantic rage is scourg'd from school,  
 And branded with the name of fool,  
 Because his active blood flow'd faster  
 Than the dull puddle of his master.

While the slow plodder trots along,  
 Thro' thick and thin, thro' prose and song,  
 Insensible of all their graces,

But learn'd in words, and common phrases :  
 Till in due time he's mov'd to college,  
 To ripen these choice seeds of knowledge.

So some taste-pedant, wond'rous wife,  
Exerts his genius in dirt-pies.  
Delights the tonfile yew to raise,  
But hates your laurels, and your bays,  
Because too rambling, and luxuriant,  
Like forward youths, of brains too prurient.  
Makes puns, and anagrams in box,  
And turns his trees to bears, and cocks.  
Excels in quaint jette-d'eau, or fountain,  
Or leads his stream across a mountain,  
To shew its shallowness, and pride,  
In a broad grin, on t'other side.  
Perverting all the rules of sense,  
Which never offers violence,  
But gently leads where Nature tends,  
Sure, with applause, to gain its ends.

But one example may teach more,  
Than precepts hackney'd o'er, and o'er.  
Then mark this *Rill*, with weeds o'erhung,  
Unnotic'd by the vulgar throng!  
Ev'n this, conducted by my laws,  
Shall rise to fame, attract applause;

Instruct in \* fable, shine in song,  
And be the theme of ev'ry tongue.

He said: and, to his fav'rite son,  
Consign'd the task, and will'd it done.

DAMON his counsel wisely weigh'd,  
And carefully the scene survey'd.

And, tho' it seems he said but little,  
He took his meaning to a tittle.

And first, his purpose to befriend,  
A bank he rais'd at th' upper end:

Compact, and close its outward side,  
To stay, and swell the gath'ring tide:

But, on its inner, rough and tall,  
A ragged cliff, a rocky wall.

The channel next he op'd to view,  
And, from its course, the rubbish drew.

Enlarg'd it now, and now, with line  
Oblique, pursued his fair design.

\* See Fable XLI. and LI. in DODSLEY's new-invented Fables, and many little pieces printed in the public papers.



Preparing here the mazy way,  
And there the fall for sportive play.  
The precipice abrupt, and steep,  
The pebbled road, and cavern deep.  
The rooty feat, where best to view  
The fairy scene, at distance due.  
He last invok'd the Dryads aid,  
And fring'd the borders round with shade.  
Tap'stry, by Nature's fingers wove,  
No mimic, but a real grove:  
Part hiding, part admitting day,  
The scene to grace the future play.

DAMON perceives, with ravish'd eyes,  
The beautiful enchantment rise.  
Sees sweetly blended shade, and light,  
Sees ev'ry part with each unite.  
Sees each, as he directs, assume  
A livelier dye, or deeper gloom:  
So, fashion'd by the painter's skill,  
New forms the glowing canvas fill.  
So, to the summer's sun, the rose,  
And jessamin their charms disclose,

While, all intent on this retreat,  
 He saw his fav'rite work compleat,  
 Divine enthusiasm seiz'd his breast,  
 And thus his transport he express'd.  
 " Let others toil, for wealth, or pow'r,  
 I court the sweetly-vacant hour :  
 Down life's smooth current calmly glide,  
 Nor vex'd with cares, nor rack'd with pride.  
 Give me, O Nature ! to explore  
 Thy lovely charms, I ask no more.  
 For thee I fly from vulgar eyes,  
 For thee I vulgar cares despise.  
 For thee Ambition's charms resign ;  
 Accept a vot'ry, wholly thine.

Yet still let Friendship's joys be near,  
 Still, on these plains, her train appear.  
 By Learning's sons my haunts be trod,  
 And STAMFORD's feet imprint my sod.  
 For STAMFORD oft hath deign'd to stray  
 Around my Leafow's flow'ry way.  
 And, where his honour'd steps have rov'd,  
 Oft have his gifts those scenes improv'd.

To him I'll dedicate my cell,  
 To him suspend the votive spell.  
 His name shall heighten ev'ry charm,  
 His name protect my groves from harm,  
 Protect my harmless sport from blame,  
 And turn obscurity to fame."

He spake. His hand the pencil guides,  
 And \* STAMFORD o'er the scene presides.  
 The proud device, with borrow'd grace,  
 Conferr'd new lustre on the place :  
 As books, by dint of dedication,  
 Enjoy their patron's reputation.

Now, launching from its lofty shore,  
 The loosen'd stream began to roar :  
 As headlong, from the rocky mound,  
 It rush'd into the vast profound.  
 There checkt awhile, again it flow'd  
 Glitt'ring along the channel'd road :

\* The scene here referr'd to, was inscribed to the Right Hon. the Earl of STAMFORD; but since to WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq.

From steep to steep, a frequent fall,  
 Each diff'rent, and each natural.  
 Obstructing roots and rocks between,  
 Diversify th' enchanted scene;  
 While winding now, and intricate,  
 Now more develop'd, and in state,  
 Th' united Stream, with rapid force,  
 Pursues amain its downward course,  
 Till at your feet absorb'd, it hides  
 Beneath the ground its bustling tides.

With prancing steeds, and liv'ried trains,  
 Soon daily shone the bord'ring plains.  
 And distant sounds foretold th' approach  
 Of frequent chaise, and crowded coach.  
 For sons of Taste, and daughters fair,  
 Hastened the sweet surprize to share:  
 While \* HAGLEY wonder'd at their stay,  
 And hardly brook'd the long delay.

Not distant far below, a Mill  
 Was built upon a neighb'ring Rill:

\* The seat of the Right Hon. Lord LYTTTELTON, distant but a few miles from the Leasows.

Whose pent-up stream, when'er let loose,  
Impell'd a wheel, close at its sluice,  
So strongly, that, by friction's pow'r,  
'Twou'd grind the firmest grain to flow'r.  
Or, by a correspondence new,  
With hammers, and their clatt'ring crew,  
Wou'd so bestir her active stumps,  
On iron-blocks, tho' arrant lumps,  
That, in a trice, she'd manage matters,  
To make 'em all as smooth as platters.  
Or slit a bar to rods quite taper,  
With as much ease, as you'd cut paper.  
For, tho' the lever gave the blow,  
Yet it was lifted from below;  
And wou'd for ever have lain still,  
But for the buffling of the Rill;  
Who, from her stately pool, or ocean,  
Put all the weels, and logs in motion;  
Things in their nature very quiet,  
Tho' making all this noise, and riot.

This Stream, that cou'd in toil excel,  
Began with foolish pride to swell:

Piqu'd at her neighbour's reputation,  
And thus express'd her indignation.

“ Madam ! methinks you're vastly proud,  
You was'nt us'd to talk so loud.

Nor cut such capers in your pace,

Marry ! what anticks, what grimace !

For shame ! don't give yourself such airs,

In flaunting down those hideous stairs.

Nor put yourself in such a flutter,

Whate'er you do, you dirty gutter !

I'd have you know, you upstart minx !

Ere you were form'd, with all your sinks,

A Lake I was, compar'd with which,

Your Stream is but a paltry Ditch :

And still, on honest Labour bent,

I ne'er a single *flash* mispent.

And yet no folks of high degree,

Wou'd e'er vouchsafe to visit me,

As, in their coaches, by they rattle,

Forsooth ! to hear your idle prattle.

Tho' half the business of my flooding

Is to provide them cakes, and pudding :

Or furnish stuff for many a trinket,  
Which, tho' so fine, you scarce wou'd think it,  
When \* BOULTON's skill has fix'd their beauty,  
To my rough toil first ow'd their duty.  
But I'm plain *Goody* of the Mill;  
And you are—*Madam Cascadille!*"

“ Dear Coz, reply'd the beauteous Torrent,  
Pray do not discompose your current.

That we all from one fountain flow,  
Hath been agreed on long ago.

Varying our talents, and our tides,  
As chance, or education guides.

That I have either note, or name,  
I owe to Him who gives me fame.

Who teaches all our kind to flow,  
Or gaily swift, or gravely slow.

Now in the lake, with glassy face,  
Now moving light, with dimpled grace.

Now gleaming from the rocky height, .

Now, in rough eddies, foaming white.

\* An eminent merchant, and very ingenious mechanic, at the So-ho Manufactory, near BIRMINGHAM.

Nor envy me the gay, or great,  
That visit my obscure retreat.  
None wonders that a clown can dig,  
But 'tis some art to dance a jig.  
Your talents are employ'd for use,  
Mine to give pleasure, and amuse.  
And tho', dear Coz, no folks of taste  
Their idle hours with you will waste,  
Yet many a grist comes to your mill,  
Which helps your master's bags to fill.  
While I, with all my notes, and trilling,  
For DAMON never got a shilling.  
Then, gentle Coz, forbear your clamours,  
Enjoy your hoppers, and your hammers:  
We gain our ends by diff'rent ways,  
And you get Bread, and I get—Praise.





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MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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A R D E N N A.

A PASTORAL-ECLOGUE.

TO A LADY.

DAMON, and LYCIDAS.

**W**HEN o'er the Western world fair Science  
spread

Her genial ray, and Gothic darkness fled,  
To BRITAIN'S Isle the Muses took their way,  
And taught her lift'ning groves the tuneful lay.  
'Twas then two Swains the Doric reed essay'd  
To sing the praises of a peerless maid.  
On ARDEN'S blissful plain her seat she chose,  
And hence her rural name ARDENNA rose.

In sportive verse alternately they vied,  
Thus DAMON sang, and LYCIDAS replied.

Here, gentle Swain, beneath the shade reclin'd,  
Remit thy labours, and unbend thy mind.  
Well with the shepherd's state our cares agree,  
For Nature prompts to pleasing industry.  
'Tis this to all her gifts fresh beauty yields,  
Health to our flocks, and plenty to our fields.  
Yet hath she not impos'd unceasing toil,  
Not restless plowshares always vex the soil.  
Then, Shepherd, take the blessings Heav'n bestows,  
Assist the song, and sweeten our repose.

## LYCIDAS.

While others, sunk in sleep, or live in vain,  
Or, slaves of indolence, but wake to pain,  
Me let the call of earliest birds invite  
To hail th' approaches of returning light;  
To taste the freshness of the chearful morn,  
While glist'ring dew-drops hang on ev'ry thorn.

Hence

Hence all the blifs that centers in our kind,  
 Health to the blood, and vigour to the mind.  
 Hence ev'ry task its meet attendance gains,  
 And leifure hence to liften to thy ftrains.

## D A M O N.

Thrice happy fwain, fo fitly form'd to share  
 The fhepherd's labour, and ARDENNA's care !  
 To tell ARDENNA's praife the rural train  
 Inscribe the verfe, or chant it o'er the plain.  
 Plains, hills, and woods return the well-known found,  
 And the fmooth beech records the sportive wound.  
 Then, LYCIDAS, let us the chorus join,  
 So bright a theme our mufic fhall refine.

Efcap'd from all the bufy world admires,  
 Hither the philofophic dame retires ;  
 For in the bufy world, or poets feign,  
 Intemp'rate vice, and giddy pleasures reign ;  
 Then, when from crowds the Loves, and Graces flew,  
 To thefe lone fhades the beauteous maid withdrew,  
 To ftudy Nature in this calm retreat,  
 And with confed'rate Art her charms compleat.

How sweet their union is, ye shepherds, say,  
And thou who form'dst the reed inspire my lay.

Her praise I sing by whom our flocks are freed  
From the rough bramble, and envenom'd weed;  
Who to green pastures turns the dreary waste,  
With scatter'd woods in careless beauty grac'd.

'Tis she, ARDENNA ! Guardian of the scene,  
Who bids the mount to swell, who smooths the green,  
Who drains the marsh, and frees the struggling flood  
From its divided rule, and strife with mud.  
She winds its course the copious stream to shew,  
And she in swifter currents bids it flow ;  
Now smoothly gliding with an even pace,  
Now dimpling o'er the stones with roughen'd grace :  
With glassy surface now serenely bright,  
Now foaming from the rock all silver white.

'Tis she the rising bank with beeches crowns,  
Now spreads the scene, and now contracts its bounds.  
Cloaths the bleak hill with verdure ever gay,  
And bids our feet thro' myrtle-valleys stray.  
She for her shepherds rears the rooty shed,  
The checquer'd pavement, and the straw-wove bed.

For them she scoops the grotto's cool retreat,  
 From storms a shelter, and a shade in heat.  
 Directs their hands the verdant arch to bend,  
 And with the leafy roof its gloom extend.  
 Shells, flint, and ore their mingled graces join,  
 And rocky fragments aid the chaste design.

## LYCIDAS.

Hail happy lawns! where'er we turn our eyes,  
 Fresh beauties bloom, and opening wonders rise.  
 Whileome these charming scenes with grief I view'd  
 A barren waste, a dreary solitude!  
 My drooping flocks their russet pastures mourn'd,  
 And lowing herds the plaintive moan return'd.  
 With weary feet from field to field they stray'd,  
 Nor found their hunger's painful sense allay'd.  
 But now no more a dreary scene appears,  
 No more its prickly boughs the bramble rears,  
 No more my flocks lament th' unfruitful soil,  
 Nor mourn their ragged fleece, or fruitless toil.

DAMON.

As this fair lawn excels the rushy mead,  
 As firs the thorn, and flow'rs the pois'nous weed,  
 Far as the warbling sky-larks soar on high,  
 Above the clumsy bat, or buzzing fly ;  
 So matchless moves ARDENNA o'er the green,  
 In mind alike excelling as in mien.

LYCIDAS.

Sweet is the fragrance of the damask rose,  
 And bright the dye that on its surface glows,  
 Fair is the poplar rising on the plain,  
 Of shapely trunk, and lofty branches vain ;  
 But neither sweet the rose, nor bright its dye,  
 Nor poplar fair, if with her charms they vie.

DAMON.

Grateful is sunshine to the sportive lambs,  
 The balmy dews delight the nibbling dams ;  
 But kindlier warmth ARDENNA'S smiles impart,  
 A balm more rich her lessons to the heart.

LYCIDAS.



## LYCIDAS.

No more POMONA's guiding hand we need,  
 Nor FLORA's help to paint th' enamell'd mead,  
 Nor CERES' care to guard the rising grain,  
 And spread the yellow plenty o'er the plain;  
 ARDENNA's precepts ev'ry want supply,  
 The grateful lay what shepherd can deny?

## DAMON.

A theme so pleasing, with the day begun,  
 Too soon were ended with the setting sun.  
 But see o'er yonder hill the parting ray,  
 And hark! our bleating flocks reprove our stay.

## THE SCAVENGERS.

## A TOWN-ECLOGUE.

“Dulcis odor lucri ox re quâlibet.”

**A**WAKE, my Muse, prepare a loftier theme.  
 The winding valley, and the dimpled stream,  
 Delight not all: quit, quit the verdant field,  
 And try what dusty streets, and alleys yield.

Where Avon wider flows, and gathers fame,  
 Stands a fair town, and WARWICK is its name.  
 For useful arts entitled once to share  
 The gentle ETHELFLEDA's guardian care.  
 Nor less for deeds of chivalry renown'd,  
 When her own GUY was with her laurels crown'd.  
 Now Syren Sloth holds here her tranquil reign,  
 And binds in filken bonds the feeble train.  
 No frowning knights in uncouth armour lac'd,  
 Seek now for monsters on the dreary waste:  
 In these soft scenes they chace a gentler prey,  
 No monsters! but as dangerous as they.

In diff'rent forms as sure destruction lies,  
They have no claws 'tis true—but they have eyes.

Last of the toiling race there liv'd a pair,  
Bred up in labour, and inur'd to care!  
To sweep the streets their task from sun to sun,  
And seek the nastiness which others shun.  
More plodding wight, or dame you ne'er shall see,  
He Gaffer PESTEL hight, and Gammer she.

As at their door they fate one summer's day,  
Old PESTEL first essay'd the plaintive lay:  
His gentle mate the plaintive lay return'd,  
And thus alternately their cares they mourn'd.

#### OLD PESTEL.

Alas! was ever such fine weather seen,  
How dusty are the roads, the streets how clean!  
How long, ye Almanacks! will it be dry?  
Empty my cart how long, and idle I!  
Ev'n at the best the times are not so good,  
But 'tis hard work to scrape a livelihood.  
The cattle in the stalls resign their life,  
And baulk the shambles, and th' unbloody knife.

While farmers sit at home in pensive gloom,  
And turnpikes threaten to compleat my doom.

## W I F E.

Well! for the turnpike that will do no hurt,  
Some say the managers are friends to dirt.  
But much I fear this murrain where 'twill end,  
For sure the cattle did our door befriend.  
Oft have I hail'd 'em, as they stalk'd along,  
Their fat the butchers pleas'd, but me their dung.

## O L D P E S T E L.

See what a little dab of dirt is here!  
But yields all WARWICK more, O tell me where?  
Yet, on this spot, tho' now so naked seen,  
Heaps upon heaps, and loads on loads have been.  
Bigger, and bigger, the proud dunghill grew,  
Till my diminish'd house was hid from view.

## W I F E.

Ah! Gaffer PESTEL, what brave days were those,  
When higher than our house our muckhill rose!

The

The growing mount I view'd with joyful eyes,  
 And mark'd what each load added to its size.  
 Wrapt in its fragrant steam we often fate,  
 And to its praises held delightful chat.  
 Nor did I e'er neglect my mite to pay,  
 To swell the goodly heap from day to day.  
 A cabbage once I bought; but small the cost—  
 Nor do I think the farthing all was lost.  
 Again you fold its well-digested store,  
 To dung the garden where it grew before.

## OLD PESTEL.

What tho' the beaus, and powder'd coxcombs jeer'd,  
 And at the scavenger's employment sneer'd,  
 Yet then at night content I told my gains,  
 And thought well paid their malice, and my pains.  
 Why toils the tradesman, but to swell his store?  
 Why craves the wealthy landlord still for more?  
 Why will our gentry flatter, fawn, and lie?  
 Why pack the cards, and what d'ye call't—the die?  
 All, all the pleasing paths of gain pursue,  
 And wade thro' thick, and thin, as we folks do.

Sweet is the scent that from advantage springs,  
And nothing dirty which good int'rest brings.

## W I F E.

When goody DOBBINS call'd me nasty bear,  
And talk'd of kennels, and the ducking-chair,  
With patience I cou'd hear the scolding quean,  
For sure 'twas dirtiness that kept me clean.  
Clean was my gown on Sundays, if not fine,  
Nor Mrs. ———'s cap so white as mine.  
A slut in silk, or kersey is the same,  
Nor sweetest always is the finest dame.

Thus wail'd they pleasure past, and present cares,  
While the starv'd hog join'd his complaint with theirs.  
To still his grunting diff'rent ways they tend,  
To \* WEST-STREET he, and she to \* COTTON-END.

\* Names of the most remote, and opposite parts of the  
Town.

A B S E N C E.

**W**ITH leaden foot Time creeps along  
 While DELIA is away,  
 With her, nor plaintive was the song,  
 Nor tedious was the day.

Ah! envious pow'r! reverse my doom,  
 Now double thy career,  
 Strain ev'ry nerve, stretch ev'ry plume,  
 And rest them when she's here.

---

To A L A D Y.

**W**HEN Nature joins a beauteous face  
 With shape, and air, and life, and grace,  
 To ev'ry imperfection blind,  
 I spy no blemish in the mind.

When

When wit flows pure from STELLA'S tongue,  
 Or animates the sprightly song,  
 Our hearts confess the pow'r divine,  
 Nor lightly prize its mortal shrine.

Good-nature will a conquest gain,  
 Tho' wit, and beauty sigh in vain.

When gen'rous thoughts the breast inspire,  
 I wish its rank, and fortunes higher.

When SIDNEY'S charms again unite  
 To win the soul, and bless the sight,  
 Fair, and learn'd, and good, and great!  
 An earthly goddess is compleat.

But when I see a fordid mind  
 With affluence, and ill-nature join'd,  
 And pride without a grain of sense,  
 And without beauty insolence,  
 The creature with contempt I view,  
 And sure 'tis like Miss——you know who.



## TO A LADY WORKING A PAIR OF RUFFLES.

WHAT means this uselefs coft, this wanton  
pride?

To purchafe fopp'ry from yon' foreign ftrand !  
To fpu rn our native ftores, and arts afide,  
And drain the riches of a needy land !

Pleas'd I furvey, fair nymph, your happy fkill,  
Yet view it by no vulgar critic's laws :  
With nobler aim I draw my fober quill,  
Anxious to lift each art in Virtue's caufe.

Go on, dear maid, your utmoft pow'r effay,  
And if for fame your little bofom heave,  
Know patriot-bands your merit fhall difplay,  
And amply pay the graces they receive.

Let ev'ry nymph like you the gift prepare,  
And banifh foreign pomp, and costly fhew ;  
What lover but wou'd burn the prize to wear,  
Or blufh by you pronounc'd his country's foe ?

Your

Your smiles can win when patriot-speeches fail,  
 Your frowns controul when justice threats in vain,  
 O'er stubborn minds your softness can prevail,  
 And placemen drop the bribe if you complain.  
 Then rise the guardians of your country's fame,  
 Or wherefore were ye form'd like angels fair?  
 By beauty's force our venal hearts reclaim,  
 And save the drooping Virtues from despair.

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## F E M A L E E M P I R E.

## A TRUE HISTORY.

**L**IKE Bruin's was AVARO's breast,  
 No softness harbour'd there;  
 While SYLVIO some concern express'd,  
 When beauty shed a tear.

In HYMEN's bands they both were tied,  
 As \* CUPID's archives shew ye;  
 Proud CELIA was AVARO's bride,  
 And SYLVIO's gentle CHLOE.

\* The parish-register.

Like other nymphs, at church they swore,  
 To honour, and obey,  
 Which, with each learned nymph before,  
 They soon explain'd away.

If CHLOE now wou'd have her will,  
 Her streaming eyes prevail'd,  
 Or if her swain prov'd cruel still,  
 Hysterics never fail'd.

But CELIA scorn'd the plaintive moan,  
 And heart-dissolving show'r ;  
 With flashing eye, and angry tone,  
 She best maintain'd her pow'r.

Yet once the mandates of his Turk  
 AVARO durst refuse ;  
 For why ? important was his work,  
 " To register old shoes !"

And does, said she, the wretch dispute  
 My claim such clowns to rule ?  
 If CELIA cannot charm a brute,  
 She can chastise a fool.

Then strait she to his closet flew,  
 His private thoughts she tore,  
 And from its place the poker drew,  
 That fell'd him on the floor.

Henceforth, said she, my calls regard,  
 Own mine the stronger plea,  
 Nor let thy vulgar cares retard  
 The female rites of tea.

Victorious sex! alike your art,  
 And puissance we dread;  
 For if you cannot break our heart,  
 'Tis plain you'll break our head.

Place me, ye Gods, beneath the throne  
 Which gentle smiles environ,  
 And I'll submission gladly own,  
 Without a rod of iron.

ON MR. SAMUEL COOKE'S POEMS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1749.

**I**NDEED, Master COOKE!

You have made such a book,  
As the learned in pastry admire :  
But other wits joke  
To see such a smoke  
Without any visible fire.

What a nice bill of fare,  
Of whatever is rare,  
And approv'd by the critics of taste!  
Not a classical bit,  
Ev'ry fancy to hit,  
But here in due order is plac'd.

N

Yet,

Yet, for all this parade,  
 You are but a dull blade,  
 And your lines are all scragged, and raw ;  
 And tho' you've hack'd, and have hew'd,  
 And have squeez'd, and have stew'd,  
 Your forc'd-meat isn't all worth a straw.

Tho' your satire you spit,  
 'Tisn't season'd a bit,  
 And your puffs are as heavy as lead ;  
 Call each dish what you will,  
 Boil, roast, hash, or grill,  
 Yet still it is all a calve's-head.

I don't mind your huffing,  
 For you've put such vile stuff in,  
 I protest I'm as sick as a dog ;  
 Were you leaner, or fatter,  
 I'd not mince the matter,  
 You're not fit to dress Æsop a frog.

Then

Then, good master Slice!  
 Shut up shop, if your wife,  
 And th' unwary no longer trepan;  
 Such advice indeed is hard,  
 And may stick in your gizzard,  
 But digest it as well as you can.

---

THE MISTAKE.

ON CAPTAIN BLUFF. 1750.

**S**AYS a Gosling, almost frighten'd out of her wits,  
 Help mother, or else I shall go into fits.  
 I have had such a fright, I shall never recover,  
 O! that *Hawke*, that you've told us of, over and  
 over.  
 See, there, where he sits, with his terrible face,  
 And his coat how it glitters all over with lace.  
 With his sharp hooked nose, and his sword at his heel,  
 How my heart it goes pit-a-pat, pray, mother, feel.

Says the Goose, very gravely, Pray don't talk so wild,  
 Those looks are as harmless as mine are, my child.  
 And as for his sword there, so bright, and so nice,  
 I'll be sworn 'twill hurt nothing besides frogs, and mice.  
 Nay, prithee don't hang so about me, let loose,  
 I tell thee he dares not say—bo to a Goose.  
 In short there is not a more innocent fowl,  
 Why, instead of a *Hawke*, look ye, child, 'tis an *Owl*.

---

TO A L A D Y,

WITH A BASKET OF FRUIT,

**O**NCE of forbidden fruit the mortal taste  
 Chang'd beauteous EDEN to a dreary waste.  
 Here you may freely eat, secure the while  
 From latent poison, or insidious guile.  
 Yet O! cou'd I but happily infuse  
 Some secret charm into the fav'ry juice,  
 Of pow'r to tempt your gentle breast to share  
 With me the peaceful cot, and rural fare:  
 A diff'rent fate shou'd crown the blest device,  
 And change my Desart to a Paradise.

PEYTOE'S



\* P E Y T O E ' s G H O S T .

**T**O CRAVEN's health, and social joy,  
 The festive night was kept,  
 While mirth and patriot spirit flow'd,  
 And Dullness only slept.

When from the jovial crowd I stole,  
 And homeward shap'd my way ;  
 And pass'd along by CHESTERTON,  
 All at the close of day.

The sky with clouds was over-cast :  
 An hollow tempest blow'd,  
 And rains and foaming cataracts  
 Had delug'd all the road.

When thro' the dark and lonesome shade,  
 Shone forth a sudden light ;  
 And soon distinct an human form,  
 Engag'd my wondering sight.

\* Was the late Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

Onward it mov'd with graceful port,  
 And soon o'ertook my speed ;  
 Then thrice I lifted up my hands,  
 And thrice I check'd my speed.

Who art thou, passenger, it cry'd,  
 From yonder mirth retir'd ?  
 That here pursu'ft thy cheerless way,  
 Benighted, and be-mir'd.

I am, said I, a country clerk,  
 A clerk of low degree,  
 And yonder gay and gallant scene,  
 Suits not a curacy.

But I have seen such fights to-day,  
 As make my heart full glad,  
 Altho' it is but dark, 'tis true,  
 And eke—my road is bad.

For I have seen lords, knights, and squires,  
 Of great and high renown,  
 To chuse a knight for this fair shire,  
 All met at WARWICK TOWN.

A wight of skill to ken our laws,  
 Of courage to defend,  
 Of worth to serve the public cause,  
 Before a private end.

And such they found, if right I guess—  
 Of gentle blood he came;  
 Of morals firm, of manners mild,  
 And \* CRAVEN is his name.

Did half the British tribunes share  
 Experienc'd † MORDAUNT's truth,  
 Another half, like CRAVEN, boast  
 A free unbiass'd youth:

The sun I trow, in all his race,  
 No happier realm should find;  
 Nor BRITONS hope for aught in vain,  
 From warmth with prudence join'd.

\* Hon. WILLIAM CRAVEN, of WYKIN; he was afterwards Lord CRAVEN.

† The late Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT, Bart.

“Go on, my Country, favour’d foil,  
 Such Patriots to produce!  
 Go on, my Countrymen, he cry’d,  
 Such Patriots still to chuse.”

This said, the placid form retir’d,  
 Behind the veil of night;  
 Yet bade me, for my Country’s good,  
 The solemn tale recite.

---

TO A L A D Y,

FURNISHING HER LIBRARY, AT \*\*\*\*, IN  
 WARWICKSHIRE.

**W**HEN just proportion in each part,  
 And colours mixt with nicest art,  
 Conspire to shew the grace and mien  
 Of CLOE, or the CYPRIAN Queen:  
 With elegance throughout refin’d,  
 That speaks the passions of the mind,

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES. 185

The glowing canvas will proclaim,

A RAPHAEL's, or a TITIAN's name.

So where thro' ev'ry learned page,

Each distant clime, each distant age

Display a rich variety,

Of wisdom in epitome;

Such elegance and taste will tell

The hand, that could select so well.

But when we all their beauties view,

United and improv'd by YOU,

We needs must own an emblem faint,

T' express those charms no art can paint.

Books must, with such correctness writ,

Refine another's taste and wit;

'Tis to your merit only due,

That theirs can be refin'd by YOU.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq.

ON RECEIVING A GILT POCKET-BOOK. 1751.

THESE spotless leaves, this neat array,  
Might *well* invite your charming quill,  
In fair assemblage to display  
The power of Learning, Wit, and Skill.

But since *you* carelessly refuse,  
And to my pen the task assign;  
O! let your Genius guide my Muse,  
And every vulgar thought refine.

Teach me your best, your best lov'd art,  
With frugal care to store my mind;  
In *this* to play the Miser's part,  
And give mean lucre to the wind:

To shun the Coxcomb's empty noise,  
To scorn the Villain's artful mask;  
Nor trust gay Pleasure's fleeting joys  
Nor urge Ambition's endless task.

Teach me to stem Youth's boisterous tide,  
 To regulate its giddy rage;

By Reason's aid my barque to guide,  
 Into the friendly port of Age:

To share what *Classic* Culture yields,  
 Thro' *Rhetoric's* painted meads to roam;

With you to reap historic fields,  
 And bring the golden Harvest home.

To taste the genuine sweets of *Wit*;  
 To quaff in *Humour's* sprightly bowl;

The philosophic *mean* to hit,  
 And prize the Dignity of Soul.

Teach me to read fair *Nature's* book,  
 Wide opening in each flow'ry plain;  
 And with judicious eye to look  
 On all the glories of her reign.

To hail her, seated on her throne,  
 By awful woods encompass'd round,  
 Or her *divine* extraction own,  
 Tho' with a wreath of rushes crown'd.

Thro'

Thro' arched walks, o'er spreading lawns,  
 Near solemn rocks, with *her* to rove;  
 Or court her, 'mid her gentle fawns,  
 In mossy cell, or maple grove.

Whether the prospect strain the sight,  
 Or in the nearer landskips charm,  
 Where hills, vales, fountains, woods unite,  
 To grace your sweet ARCADIAN farm:

*There* let me sit, and gaze with you,  
 On Nature's works by Art refin'd;  
 And own, while we their contest view,  
 Both fair, but fairest, thus combin'd!



AN ELEGY ON MAN,

WRITTEN JANUARY 1752.

**B**EHOLD Earth's Lord, imperial Man,  
In ripen'd vigour gay ;  
His outward form attentive scan,  
And all within survey.

Behold his plans of future life,  
His care, his hope, his love,  
Relations dear of child, and wife,  
The dome, the lawn, the grove.

Now see within his active mind,  
More gen'rous passions share,  
Friend, neighbour, country, all his kind,  
By turns engage his care.

Behold him range with curious eye,  
O'er Earth from pole to pole,  
And thro' th' illimitable sky  
Explore with daring soul.

Yet pass some twenty fleeting years,

And all his glory flies,

His languid eye is bath'd in tears,

He sickens, groans, and dies.

And is this all his destin'd lot,

This all his boasted sway?

For ever now to be forgot,

Amid the mould'ring clay!

Ah gloomy thought! ah worse than death!

Life sickens at the sound;

Better it were not draw our breath,

Than run this empty round.

Hence, cheating Fancy, then, away

O let us better try,

By Reason's more enlighten'd ray,

What 'tis indeed to die.

Observe yon mass of putrid earth,

It holds an embryo-brood,

Ev'n now the reptiles crawl to birth,

And seek their leafy food.

Yet stay 'till some few suns are past,  
 Each forms a silken tomb,  
 And seems, like man, imprison'd fast,  
 To meet his final doom.

Yet from this silent mansion too  
 Anon you see him rise,  
 No more a crawling worm to view,  
 But tenant of the skies.

And what forbids that man should share,  
 Some more auspicious day,  
 To range at large in open air,  
 As light and free as they?

There was a time when life first warm'd  
 Our flesh in shades of night,  
 Then was th' imperfect substance form'd,  
 And sent to view this light.

There was a time, when ev'ry sense  
 In straiter limits dwelt,  
 Yet each its task cou'd then dispense,  
 We saw, we heard, we felt.

And

And times there are, when thro' the veins  
 The blood forgets to flow,  
 Yet then a living pow'r remains,  
 Tho' not in active show.

Times too there be, when friendly Sleep's  
 Soft charms the Senses bind,  
 Yet Fancy then her vigils keeps,  
 And ranges unconfin'd.

And Reason holds her sep'rate sway,  
 Tho' all the Senses wake,  
 And forms in Mem'ry's storehouse play,  
 Of no material make.

What are these then, this eye, this ear,  
 But nicer organs found,  
 A glafs to read, a trump to hear,  
 The modes of shape, or sound?

And blows may maim, or time impair  
 These instruments of clay,  
 And Death may ravish what they spare,  
 Compleating their decay.

But are these then that living Pow'r

That thinks, compares, and rules ?

Then say a scaffold is a tow'r,

A workman is his tools.

For aught appears that Death can do,

That still survives his stroke,

Its workings plac'd beyond our view,

Its present commerce broke.

But what connections it may find,

\* Boots much to hope, and fear,

And if Instruction courts the mind,

'Tis madness not to hear.

\* Vid. BUTLER'S Analogy.

ON RECEIVING A LITTLE IVORY BOX  
FROM A LADY,

CURIOSLY WROUGHT BY HER OWN HANDS.

**L**ITTLE Box of matchless grace!

Fairer than the fairest face,

Smooth as was her parent-hand,

That did thy wond'rous form command.

Spotless as her infant mind,

As her riper age refin'd,

Beauty with the Graces join'd.

Let me clothe the lovely stranger,

Let me lodge thee safe from danger.

Let me guard thy soft repose,

From giddy Fortune's random blows.

From thoughtless mirth, barbaric hate,

From the iron-hand of Fate,

And Oppression's deadly weight.

Thou art not of a sort, or number

Fashion'd for a Poet's lumber ;

Tho'

Tho' more capacious than his purse,

Too small to hold his store of verse.

Too delicate for homely toil,

Too neat for vulgar hands to foil.

O! wou'd the Fates permit the Muse,

Thy future destiny to chuse!

In thy circle's fairy round,

With a golden fillet bound:

Like the snow-drop silver white,

Like the glow-worm's humid light,

Like the dew at early dawn,

Like the moon-light on the lawn,

Lucid rows of pearls shou'd dwell,

Pleas'd as in their native shell;

Or the brilliant's sparkling rays,

Shou'd emit a starry blaze.

And if the Fair whose magic skill,

Wrought thee passive to her will,

Deign to regard thy Poet's love,

Nor his aspiring suit reprove,

Her form should crown the fair design,

Goddeſs fit for ſuch a ſhrine!

## VALENTINE'S DAY.

**T**HE tuneful choir in amorous strains,  
Accost their feather'd loves ;

While each fond mate with equal pains,  
The tender suit approves.

With chearful hop from spray to spray,

They sport along the meads ;

In social blifs together stray,

Where love or fancy leads.

Thro' Spring's gay scenes each happy pair

Their fluttering joys pursue ;

Its various charms and produce share,

For ever kind and true.

Their sprightly notes from every shade,

Their mutual loves proclaim ;

Till Winter's chilling blasts invade,

And damp th' enlivening flame.

Then



Then all the jocund scene declines,  
 Nor woods nor meads delight;  
 The drooping tribe in secret pines,  
 And mourns th' unwelcome sight.

Go, blissful warblers! timely wise,  
 Th' instructive moral tell!  
 Nor thou their meaning 'lays despise,  
 My charming ANNABELLE!

---

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY,

IMITATED.

**T**O *print*, or not to *print*—that is the question.  
 Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury  
 The quirks and crotchets of outrageous fancy,  
 Or send a well-wrote copy to the prefs,  
 And by disclosing, end them? To print, to doubt  
 No more; and by one act to say we end  
 The head-ach, and a thousand natural shocks

## 198 MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

Of scribbling frenzy—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To print—to beam  
 From the same shelf with POPE, in calf well bound;  
 To sleep, perchance, with QUARLES—Ay, there's the  
 rub—

For to what class a writer may be doom'd,  
 When he hath shuffled off some paltry stuff,  
 Must give us pause.—There's the respect that makes  
 Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.  
 For who wou'd bear th' impatient thirst of fame,  
 The pride of conscious merit, and 'bove all,  
 The tedious importunity of friends,  
 When as himself might his *quietus* make  
 With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardles bear?  
 To groan and sweat under a load of wit?  
 But that the tread of steep PARNASSUS' hill,  
 That undiscover'd country, with whose bays  
 Few travellers return, puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bear to live unknown,  
 Than run the hazard to be known, and damn'd.  
 Thus Critics do make cowards of us all.  
 And thus the healthful face of many a poem,

Is sickly'd o'er with a pale manuscript;  
And enterprizers of great fire, and spirit,  
With this regard from DODSLEY turn away,  
And lose the name of authors.

---

R O U N D E L A Y,

WRITTEN FOR THE JUBILEE AT STRAT-  
FORD UPON AVON,

CELEBRATED BY MR. GARRICK IN HONOUR  
OF SHAKESPEARE, SEPTEMBER 1769.

Set to Music by Mr. DIBDIN.

I.

**S**ISTERS of the tuneful train,  
Attend your Parent's jocund strain,  
'Tis Fancy calls you; follow me  
To celebrate the Jubilee.

## II.

On AVON'S banks, where SHAKESPEARE'S bust  
 Points out, and guards his sleeping dust ;  
 The sons of scenic mirth agree,  
 To celebrate the Jubilee.

## III.

Come, daughters, come, and bring with you  
 Th' aerial Sprites and Fairy crew,  
 And the sister Graces three,  
 To celebrate the Jubilee.

## IV.

Hang around the sculptur'd tomb  
 The 'broider'd vest, the nodding plume,  
 And the mask of comic glee,  
 To celebrate the Jubilee.

## V.

From BIRNAM Wood, and BOSWORTH Field,  
 Bring the standard, bring the shield,

With

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES, 207

With drums, and martial symphony,  
To celebrate the Jubilee.

VI.

In mournful numbers now relate  
Poor **DESDEMONA**'s hapless fate,  
With frantic deeds of jealousy,  
To celebrate the Jubilee.

VII.

Nor be **WINDSOR**'s Wives forgot,  
With their harmless merry plot,  
The whitening mead, and haunted tree,  
To celebrate the Jubilee.

VIII.

Now in jocund strains recite  
The humours of the braggard Knight,  
Fat Knight, and Ancient Pistol he,  
To celebrate the Jubilee.

IX. But

## IX.

But see in crowds the Gay, the Fair,  
 To the splendid scene repair,  
 A scene as fine, as fine can be,  
 To celebrate the Jubilee.

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## THE BLACKBIRDS.

## AN ELEGY.

**T**HE Sun had chas'd the mountain-snow,  
 His beams had pierc'd the stubborn foil,  
 The melting streams began to flow,  
 And Plowmen urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then, amidst the vocal throng,  
 Whom Nature wak'd to mirth, and love,  
 A Blackbird rais'd his am'rous song,  
 And thus it echo'd thro' the grove:

O fairest

O fairest of the feather'd train!  
 For whom I sing, for whom I burn,  
 Attend with pity to my strain,  
 And grant my love a kind return.

For see, the wint'ry storms are flown,  
 And zephyrs gently fan the air;  
 Let us the genial influence own,  
 Let us the vernal pastime share.

The Raven plumes his jetty wing,  
 To please his croaking paramour,  
 The Larks responsive carols sing,  
 And tell their passion as they soar:

But does the Raven's sable wing  
 Excel the glossy jet of mine?  
 Or can the Lark more sweetly sing,  
 Than we, who strength with softness join?

O let me then thy steps attend!  
 I'll point new treasures to thy sight:  
 Whether the grove thy wish befriended,  
 Or hedge-rows green, or meadows bright.

I'll guide thee to the clearest rill,  
 Whose streams among the pebbles stray;  
 There will we sip, and sip our fill,  
 Or on the flow'ry margin play.

I'll lead thee to the thickest brake,  
 Impervious to the school-boy's eye;  
 For thee the plaister'd nest I'll make,  
 And to thy downy bosom fly.

When, prompted by a mother's care,  
 Thy warmth shall form th' imprison'd young,  
 The pleasing task I'll gladly share,  
 Or cheer thy labours with a song.

To bring thee food I'll range the fields,  
 And cull the best of ev'ry kind,  
 Whatever Nature's bounty yields,  
 And love's assiduous care can find.

And when my lovely mate wou'd stray,  
 To taste the summer sweets at large,  
 I'll wait at home the live-long day,  
 And fondly tend our little charge.



Then prove with me the sweets of love,  
 With me divide the cares of life,  
 No bush shall boast in all the grove,  
 A mate so fond, so blest a wife.

He ceas'd his song—the plummy dame  
 Heard with delight the love-sick strain,  
 Nor long conceal'd a mutual flame,  
 Nor long repress'd his am'rous pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,  
 And perch'd with triumph by her side ;  
 What gilded roof cou'd boast that hour  
 A fonder mate, or happier bride ?

Next morn he wak'd her with a song,  
 Behold, he said, the new-born day,  
 The Lark his mattin-peal has rung,  
 Arise, my love, and come away.

Together thro' the fields they stray'd,  
 And to the murm'ring riv'let's side,  
 Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd, and play'd  
 With artless joy, and decent pride.

When

When O! with grief my Muse relates  
 What dire misfortune clos'd the tale,  
 Sent by an order from the Fates,  
 A Gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cried, My dear,  
 Haste, haste away, from danger fly ;  
 Here, Gunner, point thy thunder here,  
 O spare my love, and let me die.

'At him the Gunner took his aim,  
 Too sure the volley'd thunder flew !  
 O had he chose some other game,  
 Or shot—as he was wont to do !

Divided Pair ! forgive the wrong,  
 While I with tears your fate rehearse,  
 I'll join the Widow's plaintive song,  
 And save the Lover in my verse.

## THE GOLDFINCHES.

## AN ELEGY.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes**Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*

**T**O you, whose groves protect the feather'd choirs,  
 Who lend their artless notes a willing ear,  
 To you, whom Pity moves, and Taste inspires,  
 The Doric strain belongs, O SHENSTONE hear.

'Twas gentle Spring, when all the plumy race,  
 By Nature taught in nuptial leagues combine,  
 A Goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,  
 And with her mate in Love's delights to join.

All in a garden, on a currant-bush,  
 With wond'rous art they built their airy seat;  
 In the next orchard liv'd a friendly Thrush,  
 Nor distant far a Woodlark's soft retreat.

Here

Here blest with ease, and in each other blest,

With early songs they wak'd the neighb'ring groves,  
Till time matur'd their joys, and crown'd their nest

With infant pledges of their faithful loves.

And now what transport glow'd in either's eye?

What equal fondness dealt th' allotted food?  
What joy each other's likeness to descry,  
And future sonnets in the chirping brood!

But ah! what earthly happiness can last?

How does the fairest purpose often fail?  
A truant schoolboy's wantonness cou'd blast  
Their flatt'ring hopes, and leave them both to wail.

The most ungentle of his tribe was he,

No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart,  
With concord false, and hideous profody  
He scrawl'd his task, and blunder'd o'er his part.

On mischief bent, he mark'd, with rav'nous eyes,

Where wrapt in down the callow songsters lay,  
Then rushing, rudely seiz'd the glitt'ring prize,  
And bore it in his impious hands away!

But

But how shall I describe, in numbers rude,  
 The pangs for poor CHRYSOMITRIS decreed;  
 When from her secret stand aghast she view'd  
 The cruel spoiler perpetrate the deed?

O grief of griefs! with shrieking voice she cried;  
 What sight is this that I have liv'd to see!

O! that I had in Youth's fair season died,  
 From Love's false joys, and bitter sorrows free:

Was it for this, alas! with weary bill,  
 Was it for this I pois'd th' unwieldy straw?  
 For this I bore the moss from yonder hill,  
 Nor shun'd the pond'rous stick along to draw?

Was it for this I pick'd the wool with care,  
 Intent with nicer skill our work to crown?  
 For this, with pain, I bent the stubborn hair,  
 And lin'd our cradle with the thistle's down?

Was it for this my freedom I resign'd,  
 And ceas'd to rove at large from plain to plain?  
 For this I fate at home whole days confin'd,  
 To bear the scorching heat, and pealing rain?

Was it for this my watchful eyes grow dim?

For this the roses on my cheek turn pale?

Pale is my golden plumage, once so trim!

And all my wonted mirth, and spirits fail!

O Plund'rer vile! O more than Adders fell!

More murth'rous than the Cat, with prudish face!

Fiercer than Kites in whom the Furies dwell,

And thievish as the Cuckow's pilf'ring race!

May juicy plumbs for thee forbear to grow,

For thee no flow'r unveil its charming dies;

May birch-trees thrive to work thee sharper woe,

And list'ning starlings mock thy frantic cries.

Thus sang the mournful bird her piteous tale,

The piteous tale her mournful mate return'd,

Then side by side they sought the distant vale,

And there in secret sadness inly mourn'd.

## THE SWALLOWS:

## AN ELEGY.

## PART I.

**E**RE yellow Autumn from our plains retir'd,  
 And gave to wintry storms the varied year,  
 The Swallow-race with prescient gift inspir'd,  
 To southern climes prepar'd their course to steer.  
 On DAMON's roof a large assembly sate,  
 His roof a refuge to the feather'd kind!  
 With serious look he mark'd the grave debate,  
 And to his DELIA thus address'd his mind.  
 Observe yon' twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid!  
 Observe, and read the wond'rous ways of Heav'n!  
 With us thro' Summer's genial reign they stay'd,  
 And food, and sunshine to their wants were giv'n.

But now, by secret instinct taught, they know

The near approach of elemental strife,  
Of blust'ring tempests, and of chilling snow,  
With ev'ry pang, and scourge of tender life.

Thus warn'd they meditate a speedy flight,

For this ev'n now they prune their vig'rous wing,  
For this each other to the toil excite,  
And prove their strength in many a sportive ring.

No sorrow loads their breast, or dims their eye,

To quit their wonted haunts, or native home,  
Nor fear they launching on the boundless sky,  
In search of future settlements to roam.

They feel a pow'r, an impulse all divine,

That warns them hence, they feel it, and obey,  
To this direction all their cares resign,  
Unknown their destin'd stage, unmark'd their way.

Peace to your flight! ye mild, domestic race!

O! for your wings to travel with the sun!  
Health brace your nerves, and zephyrs aid your pace,  
Till your long voyage happily be done.



See, DELIA, on my roof your guests to-day,

To-morrow on my roof your guests no more,

Ere yet 'tis night with haste they wing away,

To-morrow lands them on some happier shore.

How just the moral in this scene convey'd!

And what without a moral? wou'd we read!

Then mark what DAMON tells his gentle maid,

And with his lesson register the deed.

So youthful joys fly like the Summer's gale,

So threats the winter of inclement age,

Life's busy plot a short, fantastic tale!

And Nature's changeful scenes the shifting stage!

\* And does no friendly pow'r to man dispense

The joyful tidings of some happier clime?

Find we no guide in gracious Providence

Beyond the gloomy grave, and short-liv'd time?

\* This little piece, and its companions, particularly the following, are highly honour'd by Mr. AIKIN, in his ingenious and entertaining "Essay on the Application of Natural History to Poetry."

Yes, yes the sacred oracles we hear,  
 That point the path to realms of endless joy,  
 That bid our trembling hearts no danger fear,  
 Tho' clouds surround, and angry skies annoy.

Then let us wisely for our flight prepare,  
 Nor count this stormy world our fixt abode,  
 Obey the call, and trust our Leader's care,  
 To smooth the rough, and light the darksome road.

MOSES, by grant divine, led ISRAEL'S host  
 Thro' dreary paths to JORDAN'S fruitful side;  
 But we a loftier theme than theirs can boast,  
 A better promise, and a nobler guide.

## THE SWALLOWS.

### PART II.

**A**T length the Winter's howling blasts are o'er,  
 Array'd in smiles the lovely Spring returns,  
 Now fewel'd hearths attractive blaze no more,  
 And ev'ry breast with inward fervor burns.

Again

Again the daisies peep, the violets blow,  
 Again the vocal tenants of the grove  
 Forgot the patt'ring hail, or driving snow,  
 Renew the lay to melody, and love.

And see, my DELIA, see o'er yonder stream,  
 Where, on the bank, the lambs in gambols play,  
 Alike attracted by the funny gleam,  
 Again the Swallows take their wonted way.

Welcome, ye gentle tribe, your sports pursue,  
 Welcome again to DELIA, and to me,  
 Your peaceful councils on my roof renew,  
 And plan new settlements from danger free.

Again I'll listen to your grave debates,  
 Again I'll hear your twitt'ring songs unfold  
 What policy directs your wand'ring states,  
 What bounds are settled, and what tribes enroll'd.

Again I'll hear you tell of distant lands,  
 What insect-nations rise from EGYPT's mud,  
 What painted swarms subsist on LYBIA's sands,  
 What GANGES yields, and what th' EUPHRATEAN  
 flood.

Thrice happy race! whom Nature's call invites  
 To travel o'er her realms with active wing,  
 To taste her various stores, her best delights,  
 The Summer's radiance, and the sweets of Spring:

While we are doom'd to bear the restless change  
 Of varying seasons, vapours dank, and dry,  
 Forbid like you in milder climes to range,  
 When wintry storms usurp the low'ring sky.

Yet know the period to your joys assign'd,  
 Know ruin hovers o'er this earthly ball,  
 As lofty tow'rs stoop prostrate to the wind,  
 Its secret props of adamant shall fall.

But when you' radiant sun shall shine no more,  
 The spirit, freed from sin's tyrannic sway,  
 On lighter pinions borne than yours, shall soar  
 To fairer realms beneath a brighter ray.

To plains ethereal, and celestial bow'rs,  
 Where wintry storms no rude access obtain,  
 Where blasts no lightning, and no tempest low'rs,  
 But ever-smiling Spring, and Pleasure reign.

*A D A M:*

OR, THE

Fatal Disobedience.

AN ORATORIO,

COMPILED FROM THE

PARADISE LOST

OF

*M I L T O N.*

AND ADAPTED TO MUSIC.

By R. J.

AND A D M S

ON THE

Fatal Dilobedience.

AN ORATORIO

COMPILED FROM THE

PARADISE LOST

OR

M T L T O W

AND ADAPTED TO MUSIC

BY R. J.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE *Comus*, *Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Lycidas*, and *Samson-Agonistes* of MILTON, have each of them had the good fortune to be made choice of as proper subjects for musical composition; but no one appears hitherto to have entertained any thoughts of adapting any part of *Paradise Lost* to the same use, though confessedly the most capital of all his works, and containing the greatest variety both of sentiment, and language susceptible of the graces of that harmonious art\*. Indeed the plan for this purpose was  
not

\* What Dr. GREGORY says of Religion in general as a subject for musical composition, may be applied with the strictest propriety to this work in particular, viz. that it affords

not so obvious. The others were in a great measure ready prepared to the composer's hands; here the case was different. The several beautiful passages contained in this poem lay scattered through a wide compass, and it appear'd difficult to assemble, and unite them into any regular, and compendious form adapted to public representation. This the compiler has attempted, by confining himself to those passages which have a more immediate reference to the principal story, and omitting what was more remote, and digressive. In executing this design he has varied as little as was possible from the order of time, and language of MILTON, and endeavour'd not to offend the judgment, at

affords almost all the variety of subjects which music can express; the sublime, the joyous, the cheerful, the serene, the devout, the plaintive, the melancholy.

Comparative View of the State and  
Faculties of Man, page 73, 74.

the



the same time that he consulted the entertainment of the public.

He will not say that he has omitted no particular beauties of this poem, for not to do this would be to transcribe the whole; but he can truly say that he has taken some pains to include as many as could with any propriety be brought within the compass of his undertaking, and that it will be no small pleasure to him to be the occasion of making them more universally admired, by means of an alliance with that sister-art, whose expressive strains are the only additional ornament of which they were capable.

So far was written after the following piece was entirely finish'd, and at a time when the compiler thought that no one had en-

gaged

gaged in the same design. In this however he finds he was mistaken, and can truly say, that had he been so much conversant in the musical world as to have known more early that a person of Mr. STILLINGFLEET'S merit, and abilities had undertaken this work, he would certainly have declined it: but having spent some time in it, and finding that this gentleman's plan does not entirely coincide with his, he hopes he may be excused for presenting it to the world after him.

He will no further detain the reader than to say, that his aim was to furnish the composer with MILTON'S own beauties, so adapted as that the capital lines and most striking sentiments might naturally offer themselves to musical distinction, rather than form words for that purpose, as he thought

had

had been done in other compositions of a like nature, in a manner very forced, and unnatural; and where, though the ear is gratified, the understanding is generally disgusted.

The Persons here represented are  
 A D A M, and  
 E V E, with the  
 GUARDIAN ANGELS of Paradise, and others.  
 The Scene is PARADISE.

AND W. R. T. E. H. M. E. N. Y. 222  
had been done in other companies of a  
like nature, in a manner very forced, and  
unnatural, and where, though the car is  
granted, the understanding is generally dis-  
torted.

The Persons here represented are

ADAM, and

EVE; with the

GUARDIAN ANGELS of Paradise, and others.

The Scene is PARADISE.

The

M A C A

---

A D A M:

A N

O R A T O R I O.

---

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

RECITATIVE.

**U**NDER a tuft of shade, that, on a green,  
Stood whisp'ring soft, on EDEN's blissful plain,  
Sate the first human Pair. (Not that fair Field  
Of ENNA, where PROSERPINE, gath'ring flow'rs,  
Herself, a fairer flow'r, by gloomy DIS  
Was gather'd; nor that sweet ELYSIAN Grove  
Of DAPHNE by ORONTES, and th' inspir'd

CASTALIAN Spring, might with this Paradise  
Of EDEN strive: nor that NYSEAN Isle,  
Girt with the river TRITON, where old CHAM,  
Whom Gentiles AMMON call, and LYBIAN JOVE,  
Hid AMALTHEA, and her florid son,  
Young BACCHUS from his step-dame RHEA's eye—  
Nor where ABASSINE kings their issue guard,  
Mount AMARA! enclos'd with shining rock,  
A whole day's journey high.) Around them grew  
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste,  
And all amid them grew the Tree of Life,  
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
Of vegetable gold; and, next to Life,  
Our Death! the Tree of Knowledge grew fast by.  
Here waving boughs wept od'rous gums, and balm:  
On others fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,  
Hung amiable: betwixt them lawns, and downs,  
Or palmy hillock, or the flow'ry lap  
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,  
Flow'rs of all hues, and without thorn the rose.  
Another side umbrageous grots, and caves  
Of cool recess! o'er which the mantling vine

Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps  
Luxuriant. Mean while murm'ring waters fall  
Down the slope hills dispers'd, or, in a lake,  
That to the fringed bank, with myrtle crown'd,  
Her crystal mirrour holds, unite their streams.  
The birds their quire apply—airs, vernal airs  
Breathing the smell of field, or grove attune  
The trembling leaves, and whisper whence they stole  
Their balmy spoils. About them frisking play'd  
All beasts of th' earth, since wild, and of all chase  
In wood, or wilderness, forest, or den.  
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and, in his paw,  
Dandled the kid. Bears, tygers, ounces, pards  
Gambol'd before them. Th' unwieldy elephant,  
To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and wreath'd  
His lithe proboscis. Close the serpent fly,  
Insinuating, wove, with Gordian twine,  
His braided train, and, of his fatal guile  
Gave proof unheeded. They superior fate  
As lords of all, of God-like shape erect!  
For valour he, and contemplation form'd,  
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace!

## A I R.

“ They superior fate,  
 “ As lords of all, of God-like shape erect !  
 “ For valour he, and comtemplation form'd,  
 “ For softness she, and sweet attractive grace !”

## S C E N E II.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

On the soft downy bank, damaskt with flow'rs,  
 Reclin'd they fate, when ADAM first of men  
 To first of women EVE thus smiling spake.

## A D A M.

Sole partner, and sole part of all these joys,  
 Dearer thyself than all ! needs must the Pow'r,  
 That made us, and, for us, this ample world,  
 Be infinitely good, and, of his good  
 As liberal, and free as infinite ;  
 Who rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here,



In all this happiness; who yet requires  
 From us no other service, than to keep  
 This one, this easy charge—Of all the Trees  
 In PARADISE, that bear delicious fruit  
 So various, not to taste that only Tree  
 Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life.

## SONG.

“ Then let us ever praise Him, and extol  
 “ His bounty, following our delightful task,  
 “ To prune these growing plants, and tend these  
 “ flow’rs,  
 “ Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.”

## RECITATIVE.

## E V E.

O thou! for whom  
 And from whom I was form’d! Flesh of thy flesh!  
 And without whom am to no end! My guide,  
 And head! what thou hast said is just, and right:  
 For we indeed to Him all praises owe,

And daily thanks: I chiefly, who enjoy  
So much the happier lot, enjoying thee.

## AFFETUOSO.

“ That day I oft remember, when from sleep,  
“ I first awak’d, and found myself repos’d  
“ Under a shade of flow’rs, much wond’ring where,  
“ And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
“ Not distant far from thence, a murm’ring sound  
“ Of waters issued from a cave, and spread  
“ Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov’d  
“ Pure as th’ expanse of Heav’n. I thither went,  
“ With unexperienc’d thought, and laid me down  
“ On the green bank to look into the clear,  
“ Smooth lake, that to me seem’d another sky.  
“ As I bent down to look, just opposite,  
“ A shape within the watry gleam appear’d,  
“ Bending to look on me. I started back,  
“ It started back. But pleas’d I soon return’d,  
“ Pleas’d it return’d as soon, with answ’ring looks  
“ Of sympathy, and love. There I had fix’d  
“ Mine eyes till now, and pin’d with vain desire,

“ Had

“ Had not a voice thus warn’d me. What thou see’st,  
 “ What there thou see’st, fair creature! is thyself.  
 “ With thee it came, and goes. But follow me,  
 “ And I will bring thee where no shadow stays  
 “ Thy coming, and thy soft embraces—He!  
 “ Whose image thou art—him thou shalt enjoy  
 “ Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear  
 “ Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call’d  
 “ Mother of human race. What cou’d I do,  
 “ But follow strait, invisibly thus led?  
 “ Till I espied thee, fair, indeed, and tall,  
 “ Under a platan. Yet methought less fair,  
 “ Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
 “ Than that smooth watry image. Back I turn’d.  
 “ Thou following cry’dst aloud;

A I R.

“ Return, fair EVE!  
 “ Whom fly’st thou? whom thou fly’st, of him thou  
 “ art,  
 “ His flesh, his bone! To give thee being I lent  
 “ Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,

“ Substantial life, to have thee by my side,

“ Henceforth an individual solace dear.

“ Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim

“ My other half.” With that thy gentle hand

“ Seiz’d mine ; I yielded—and from that time see

“ How beauty is excell’d by manly grace,

“ And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.”

R E C I T A T I V E .

So spake our gen’ral Mother, and with eyes

Of conjugal affection, unprov’d,

And meek surrender, half embracing lean’d

On our first Father. Half her swelling breast

Naked met his, under the flowing gold

Of her loose tresses hid. He, in delight

Both of her beauty, and submissive charms,

Smil’d with superior love, and press’d her lip

With kisses pure. Thus they in am’rous sport,

As well beseems fair couple, linkt as they,

In happy nuptial league, their minutes pass’d,

Crown’d with sublime delight. The loveliest pair

That ever yet in Love’s embraces met :

ADAM the goodliest man of men since born  
His sons, the fairest of her daughters EVE!

CHORUS.

“ Hail! HYMEN’s first, accomplish’d Pair!

“ Goodliest he of all his sons!

“ Of her daughters she most fair!

“ Goodliest he!

“ She most fair!

“ Goodliest he of all his sons!

“ Of her daughters she most fair.

S C E N E III.

RECITATIVE.

Now came still Ev’ning on, and Twilight grey  
Had, in her sober liv’ry all things clad.  
Silence accompanied: for beast, and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
Were flunk: all but the wakeful Nightingale!  
She all night long her am’rous descant sung.

Silence

Silence was pleas'd. Now glow'd the firmament  
 With living saphires. Hesperus, that led  
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,  
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length,  
 Apparent queen ! unveil'd her peerless light,  
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.  
 When ADAM thus to EVE.

A D A M.

Fair Consort ! th' hour  
 Of Night, and all things now retir'd to rest  
 Mind us of like repose : since God hath set  
 Labour, and rest as day, and night to men  
 Successive, and the timely due of sleep,  
 Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight, inclines  
 Our eye-lids. Ere fresh Morning streak the east  
 With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,  
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform  
 Yon' flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,  
 Our walk at Noon, with branches overgrown.  
 Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.

E V E.

## E V E.

My author, and disposer, what thou bid'st  
 Unargu'd I obey, so God ordains.  
 God is thy law, thou mine. To know no more  
 Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.

## A I R.

“ With thee conversing, I forget all time.  
 “ All seasons, and their change, all please alike.  
 “ Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,  
 “ With charm of earliest birds ! Pleasant the Sun !  
 “ When first on this delightful land he spreads  
 “ His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,  
 “ Glist'ring with dew : fragrant the fertile Earth,  
 “ After soft show'rs ! and sweet the coming on  
 “ Of grateful Evening mild ; the silent Night,  
 “ With this her solemn bird ; and this fair Moon,  
 “ And those the gems of Heav'n, her starry train !  
 “ But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends,  
 “ With charm of earliest birds, nor rising Sun  
 “ On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flow'r,  
 “ Glist'ring

“ Glitt’ring with dew, nor fragrance after show’rs,  
 “ Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night,  
 “ With this her solemn bird, nor walk by Moon,  
 “ Or glitt’ring star-light without thee is sweet.”

RECITATIVE.

Thus talking, hand in hand, alone they pass’d  
 On to their blissful bow’r. It was a place,  
 Chos’n by the Sov’reign Planter, when he fram’d  
 All things to man’s delightful use; the roof,  
 Of thickest covert, was in-woven shade,  
 Laurel, and myrtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm, and fragrant leaf; on either side,  
 Acanthus, and each od’rous, bushy shrub  
 Fenc’d up the verdant wall, each beauteous flow’r,  
 Iris, all hues, roses, and jessamine  
 Rear’d high their flourish’d heads between, and  
 wrought  
 Mosaic; under foot the violet,  
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay,  
 Broider’d the ground, more colour’d than with  
 stone



Of costliest emblem. Other creature here  
 Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none,  
 Such was their awe of Man. In shady bow'r,  
 More sacred, and sequester'd; tho' but feign'd,  
 PAN, or SYLVANUS never slept, nor Nymph,  
 Or FAUNUS haunted. Here, in close recess,  
 With flow'rs, and garlands, and sweet smelling  
 herbs

Espoused EVE deck'd first her nuptial bed,  
 And heav'nly quires the Hymenæan sung.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,  
 Both turn'd, and, under open Sky, ador'd  
 The God that made both Sky, Air, Earth, and Heav'n,  
 Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent globe,  
 And starry pole.

EVENING HYMN.

“ Thou also mad'st the night,  
 “ Maker omnipotent! and Thou the day,  
 “ Which we, in our appointed work employ'd,  
 “ Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help,

And

- “ And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss;  
“ Ordain’d by Thee, and this delicious place,  
“ For us too large, where Thy abundance wants  
“ Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.  
“ But Thou hast promis’d from us two a race,  
“ To fill the earth, who shall, with us; extol  
“ Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
“ And when we seek, as now, thy gift of Sleep:

END OF THE FIRST ACT:

ACT

## A C T II.

## S C E N E I.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

**O!** For that warning voice, which he, who saw  
 Th' Apocalyps, heard cry in Heav'n aloud,  
 Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
 Came furious down, to be reveng'd on men,  
*Woe to th' inhabitants of th' earth!* that now,  
 While time was, our first Parents had been warn'd  
 The coming of their secret foe, and scap'd,  
 Haply so scap'd his mortal snare; for now  
 Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,  
 The tempter, ere th' accuser of mankind.

## C H O R U S.

He, who sits enthron'd on high,  
 Above the circle of the sky,

Sees his rage, and mocks his toil,  
 Which on himself shall soon recoil:  
 In the snare, with malice, wrought  
 For others, shall his feet be caught.

## S C E N E II.

## RECITATIVE:

Now Morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime  
 Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,  
 When ADAM wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep  
 Was airy light, from pure digestion bred,  
 And temp'rate vapours bland, which th' only sound  
 Of leaves, and fuming rills, AURORA'S fan,  
 Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song  
 Of birds on ev'ry bough. Unwaken'd EVE  
 Close at his side, in naked beauty lay,  
 Beauty! which, whether waking, or asleep,  
 Shot forth peculiar charms. He, on his side,  
 Leaning, half rais'd, with looks of cordial love  
 Hung over her enamour'd: then, with voice,

Mild as when ZEPHYRUS on FLORA breathes,  
Her hand soft-touching, whisper'd thus.

## S O N G.

“Awake!

“My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,  
“Heav'n's last, best gift, my ever newdelight,  
“Awake! the morning shines, and the fresh field  
“Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring  
“Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,  
“What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed;  
“How Nature paints her colours; how the bee  
“Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweets.”

## R E C I T A T I V E.

E V E.

ADAM! well may we labour still to dress  
This garden, still to tend, herb, plant, and flow'r,  
Our pleasant task enjoin'd! but till more hands  
Aid us, the work under our labour grows  
Luxurious by restraint. Let us divide  
Our labours then, for while together thus  
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near

R

Looks

Looks intervene, and smiles, or object new  
 Casual discourse draw on, which intermits  
 Our day's work, brought to little, though begun  
 Early, and th' hour of supper comes unearn'd.

## A D A M.

These paths, and bow'rs doubt not but our joint  
 hands  
 Will keep from wilderness with ease as wide  
 As we need walk, till younger hands ere long  
 Assist us. But if much converse perhaps  
 Thee satiate, to short absence I cou'd yield,  
 For solitude sometimes is best society,  
 And short retirement urges sweet return.  
 But other doubt possesses me, lest harm  
 Befal thee sever'd from me; for thou know'st  
 What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe,  
 Envyng our happiness, and of his own  
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe, and shame,  
 By sly assault; and somewhere, nigh at hand,  
 Watches no doubt, with greedy hope, to find  
 His wish, and best advantage! us asunder;

Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each  
 To other speedy aid might lend at need.  
 Then leave not, I advise, the faithful side  
 Which gave thee being, shades thee, and protects.

A I R.

“ The wife, where danger, or dishonour lurks,  
 “ Safest, and seemliest near her husband stays,  
 “ Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.”

R E C I T A T I V E.

E V E.

Offspring of Heav'n, and Earth, and all Earth's  
 Lord!

That such an enemy we have, who seeks  
 Our ruin, oft inform'd by thee, I learn.  
 But that thou shou'dst my firmness therefore doubt,  
 To God, or thee, because we have a foe  
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.

A D A M.

Daughter of God, and man, immortal EVE!  
 For such thou art, from sin, and blame entire:

Not diffident of thee, do I dissuade  
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
 Th' attempt, which thou thyself with virtuous scorn  
 And anger wou'd'st resent. Misdemean not then,  
 If such affront I labour to avert  
 From thee alone, which on us both at once  
 The enemy, tho' bold, will hardly dare,  
 Or daring, first on me th' assault shall light.  
 Nor thou his malice, and false guile contemn.  
 Subtle he needs must be, who cou'd seduce  
 Angels; nor think superfluous others aid.  
 " I, from the influence of thy looks, receive  
 " Access in ev'ry virtue; in thy sight,  
 " More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were;  
 " Of outward strength; while shame, thou look-  
     ing on,  
 " Shame to be overcome, or over-reach'd!  
 " Wou'd utmost vigour raise, and rais'd unite."  
 Why shou'd'st not thou like sense within thee feel,  
 When I am present, and thy trial chuse  
 With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?



## E V E.

If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
 In narrow circuit, straiten'd by a foe,  
 Subtle, or violent, we not endued,  
 Single, with like defence, wherever met,  
 How are we happy, still in fear of harm?

## A I R.

“ Frail is our happiness, if this be so,  
 “ And EDEN were no EDEN thus expos'd.”

## R E C I T A T I V E.

## A D A M.

O woman! best are all things, as the will  
 Of God ordain'd them. His creating hand  
 Nothing imperfect, or deficient left  
 Of all that he created, much less Man,  
 Or aught that might his happy state secure:  
 Secure from outward force. Within himself  
 The danger lies, yet lies within his pow'r.

Against his will he can receive no harm ;  
 But God left free the will, for what obeys  
 Reason is free, and reason he made right,  
 And bid her still beware, and still erect,  
 Lest by some fair, appearing good surpriz'd,  
 She dictate false, and misinform the will  
 To do what God expressly hath forbid.  
 Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins  
 That I shou'd mind thee oft, and mind thou me,  
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve.

## A I R.

" But if thou think'st trial unsought may find  
 " Us both securer, than thus warn'd thou seem'st,  
 " Go! for thy stay, not free, absents thee more.  
 " Go in thy native innocence. Rely  
 " On what thou hast of virtue: summon all,  
 " For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine."

S C E N E

## SCENE III.

## RECITATIVE.

So haste they to the field, their pleasing task!  
 But first, from under shady, arb'rous roof,  
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
 Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce upris'n,  
 With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim,  
 Shot parallel to th' earth his dewy ray,  
 Discov'ring, in wide circuit, all the bounds  
 Of PARADISE, and EDEN's happy plains,  
 Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began  
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid,  
 In various style: for neither various style  
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
 Their Maker in fit strains, pronounc'd, or sung,  
 Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence  
 Flow'd from their lips, in prose, or num'rous verse,  
 More tuneable than needed lute, or harp  
 To add more sweetness: and they thus began.

## MORNING HYMN.

“ These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
“ Almighty! Thine this universal frame!  
“ Thus wond’rous fair! Thyself how wond’rous then!  
“ Unspeakable! who sit’st above these heav’ns,  
“ To us invisible; or dimly seen  
“ In these Thy lowest works: yet these declare  
“ Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow’r divine.  
“ Speak ye, who best can tell, ye sons of light!  
“ Angels, for ye behold Him, and, with songs,  
“ And choral symphonies day without night,  
“ Circle His throne rejoicing; ye in heav’n,  
“ On earth join all ye creatures to extol  
“ Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end,  
“ Fairest of Stars, last in the train of night,  
“ If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
“ Sure pledge of day! that crown’st the smiling morn  
“ With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,  
“ While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
“ Thou Sun, both eye, and soul of this great world!  
“ Acknowledge Him thy greater, sound His praise

“ In thy eternal course, both when thou climb’st,  
 “ And when high noon hast gain’d, and when hast  
 “ fall’n.

“ Moon! that now meet’st the orient Sun, now  
 “ fly’st

“ With the fixt stars, fixt in their orb that flies,  
 “ And ye five other wand’ring fires, that move  
 “ In mystic dance, not without song, resound  
 “ His praise, who out of darkness call’d up light;

“ Air! and ye Elements, the eldest birth  
 “ Of Nature’s womb, that, in quaternion, run  
 “ Perpetual circle multiform, and mix,  
 “ And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change  
 “ Vary to your great Maker still new praise.

“ Ye Mists, and Exhalations that now rise,  
 “ From hill, or steaming lake, dusky, or grey,  
 “ Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
 “ In honour to the world’s great Maker rise,  
 “ Whether to deck with clouds th’ uncolour’d sky,  
 “ Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show’rs,  
 “ Rising, or falling still advance His praise.

“ His

“ His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,  
 “ Breathe soft, or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
 “ With ev’ry plant, in sign of honour wave.

“ Fountains! and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
 “ Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.

“ Join voices, all ye living souls! ye birds!  
 “ That singing, up to Heav’n’s bright gates ascend,  
 “ Bear on your wings, and in your notes His praise.

“ Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 “ The earth; and stately tread, or lowly creep,  
 “ Witness if I be silent morn, or ev’n,  
 “ To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade  
 “ Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise,

“ Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still  
 “ To give us only good; and, if the night  
 “ Have gather’d aught of evil, or conceal’d,  
 “ Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.”

RECITATIVE.

So pray’d they innocent; then to their task  
 They diff’rent ways repair—he, where his choice

Leads

Leads him, or where most needs, whether to wind  
 The woodbine round his arbour, or direct  
 The clasping ivy where to twine; while she  
 In yonder spring of roses, internixt  
 With myrtle, seeks what to redress till noon,  
 Her long, with ardent look, his eye pursu'd  
 Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
 She, like a wood-nymph light of DELIA's train,  
 Betook her to the groves, but DELIA's self  
 In gait surpass'd, and goddess-like deport.  
 Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye;  
 In ev'ry gesture dignity, and love.

## A I R.

" Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye;  
 " In ev'ry gesture dignity, and love."

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

ACT

## A C T III.

## S C E N E I.

## THE GUARDIAN ANGELS.

## RECITATIVE.

**O**UR charge, tho' unsuccessful, is fulfill'd.  
 The Tempter hath prevail'd, and Man is fall'n.  
 Earth felt the wound, and Nature, from her seat  
 Sighing thro' all her works, gave signs of woe,  
 That all was lost. The fatal omens reach'd  
 Our glitt'ring files, and thro' th' angelic guard  
 Spread sadness, mixt with pity, not with guilt,  
 Or conscious negligence. After short pause,  
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
 In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan ;  
 Sky lower'd, and, mutt'ring thunder, some sad drops  
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin.  
 Now up to Heav'n we haste, before the throne  
 Supreme, t' approve our faithful vigilance.

CHORUS.



## CHORUS.

“ Righteous art thou, O Lord ! and just are thy  
 “ judgments.

“ HALLELUJAH ! ”

## RECITATIVE.

But see ! with visage discompos'd, and dim'd  
 With passions foul, like this late azure clime  
 With clouds, and storms o'ercaſt, the human pair  
 Bend hitherward their ſteps diſconſolate.

## S C E N E II.

A D A M, AND E V E.

## RECITATIVE.

A D A M.

O EVE ! in evil hour thou didſt give ear  
 To that falſe worm, of whomſoever taught  
 To counterfeit man's voice, true in our fall,

**Falſe**

False in our promis'd rising, since our eyes  
 Open'd we find indeed, and find we know  
 Both good and evil, good lost, and evil got,  
 Bad fruit of knowledge!

## A I R.

“ How shall I behold  
 “ Henceforth or God, or angel, erst with joy,  
 “ And rapture oft beheld? O! might I here  
 “ In solitude live savage, in some glade  
 “ Obscur'd, where highest woods, impenetrable  
 “ To star, or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad,  
 “ And brown as evening. Cover me, ye pines,  
 “ Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs  
 “ Hide me, where I may never see them more.”

## R E C I T A T I V E.

Wou'd thou had'st hearken'd to my words, and  
 stay'd  
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange  
 Desire of wand'ring, this unhappy morn,  
 I know not whence possess'd thee! we had then  
 Remain'd

Remain'd still happy ; not as now despoil'd  
Of all our good, shamed, naked, mis'erable !

## A I R.

“ Let none henceforth seek needless cause t' approve  
“ The faith they owe ; when earnestly they seek  
“ Such proof, conclude they then begin to fail.”

## E V E.

Imput'ft thou that to my desire, or will  
Of wand'ring, as thou call'ft it, which who knows  
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,  
Or to thyself perhaps, had'ft thou been there ?  
“ Was I t' have never parted from thy side,  
“ As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.  
“ Being as I am, why did'ft not thou, the head,  
“ Command me absolutely not to go,  
“ Going into such danger as thou said'ft.”  
Too facil then, thou did'ft not much gainfay,  
Nay, did'ft permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
Had'ft thou been firm, and fix'd in thy dissent,  
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me.

A D A M.

A D A M.

A I R.

“ Thus it shall befall

“ Him, who to worth in woman overtrusting,

“ Lets her will rule ; restraint she will not brook,

“ And left t' herself, if evil thence ensue,

“ She first his weak indulgence will accuse.”

S C E N E III.

R E C I T A T I V E.

A D A M.

O mis'erable of happy ! Is this the end  
 Of this new glorious world, and me so late  
 The glory of that glory ? who now become  
 Accurst of blessed ! Hide me from the face  
 Of God, whom to behold was then my height  
 Of happiness. Yet well, if here wou'd end  
 The mis'ry ; I deserv'd it, and wou'd bear

My own deservings; but this will not serve,  
 All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,  
 Is propagated curse. O voice once heard  
 Delightfully, "Increase, and multiply."  
 Now death to hear! For what can I increase,  
 Or multiply but curses on my head,  
 Heavy! though in their place? O fleeting joys  
 Of PARADISE, dear bought with lasting woe!  
 "Did I request thee, Maker! from my clay,  
 "To mould me man? Did I solicit thee  
 "From darkness to promote me, or to place  
 "In this delicious garden? As my will  
 "Concurr'd not to my being, 'twere but right  
 "And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
 "Desirous to resign, and render back  
 "All I receiv'd,"

E V E.

O ADAM! can I thus behold thee wretched,  
 Thus mis'erable thro' my default, nor strive  
 To sooth thy grief, and soften thy distress?

S A D A M.

## A D A M.

Out of my sight, thou serpent! that name best  
 Befits thee, with him leagu'd, thyself as false,  
 And hateful!—

— — But for thee,  
 I had continued happy, had not thy pride,  
 And wand'ring vanity, when least was safe,  
 Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd  
 Not to be trusted; longing to be seen,  
 Tho' by the Devil himself.

## A I R.

“ O! why did God,  
 “ Creator wise! that peopled highest Heav'n  
 “ With spirits masculine, create at last  
 “ This novelty on earth, this fair defect  
 “ Of Nature! and not fill the world at once  
 “ With men, as angels without feminine?”

## E V E.

Forfake me not thus, ADAM! Witness Heav'n!  
 What love sincere, and rev'rence in my heart  
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,  
 Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy supplicant  
 I beg, and clasp thy knees; " Bereave me not,  
 " Whereon I live, thy gentle looks—thy aid—  
 " Thy counsel in this uttermost distress:  
 " My only strength, and stay! Forlorn of thee,  
 " Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?"  
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
 Between us two let there be peace, both joining,  
 As join'd in injuries, one enmity  
 Against a foe, by doom express assign'd us,  
 That cruel serpent. On me exercise not  
 Thy hatred for this misery befall'n,  
 On me already lost, me than thyself  
 More miserable: both have sinn'd, but thou  
 Against God only, I against God, and thee:  
 And to the place of judgment will return,

There with my cries importune Heav'n, that all  
 The sentence, from thy head remov'd, may light  
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,  
 Me! me! just object only of his ire.

## A D A M.

Alas! ill able art thou to sustain  
 His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part,  
 And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If pray'rs  
 Cou'd alter high decrees, I to that place  
 Wou'd speed before thee, and be louder heard,  
 That on my head all might be visited,  
 Thy frailty, and infirmer sex forgiv'n,  
 To me committed, and by me expos'd,  
 But rise—Let us no more contend, and blame  
 Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive  
 In offices of love, how we may lighten  
 Each other's burthen in our share of woe.  
 Then to the place repairing, where our Judge  
 Pronounc'd our doom, there let us both confess

Humbly



Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears  
 Wat'ring the ground, and with our sighs the air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED:

So spake our Father penitent, nor EVE  
 Felt less remorse. They forthwith to the place  
 Repairing, where He judg'd them, prostrate fell  
 Before Him reverent, and both confess'd  
 Humbly their faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears  
 Wat'ring the ground, and with their sighs the air  
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

## S C E N E IV.

## RECITATIVE.

## E V E.

What tidings bring'st thou, ADAM! from this new  
guest

Angelical, so late arriv'd? Alas!

My trembling heart forebodes some further ill;

For far less mild methought his aspect seem'd,

Than RAPHAEL's, social spirit! who went so oft

To sit indulgent with us, and partake

Rural repast, permitting us the while

Venial discourse unblam'd. What tidings? say.

## A D A M.

Our pray'rs are heard in Heav'n, and Death our due

By sentence then, when first we did transgress,

Is of his prey defeated many days

Giv'n

Giv'n us of grace, wherein we may repent:  
 So God appeas'd, from his rapacious claim  
 Will quite redeem us, and to life restore.  
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell,  
 As not befitting creatures stain'd with sin,  
 He suffers not, but sends us forth to till  
 The ground from whence he took us, fitter soil!

## E V E.

## AIR. AFFETUOSO.

“ O! unexpected stroke, worse than of death!  
 “ Must I then leave thee, PARADISE, thus leave  
 “ Thee, native soil! These happy walks, and shades,  
 “ Fit haunt of Gods! where I had hope to spend  
 “ Quiet, tho' sad the respite of that day,  
 “ That must be mortal to us both. O flow'rs!  
 “ That never will in other climate grow,  
 “ My early visitation, and my last  
 “ At ev'n, which I bred up with tender hand,  
 “ From the first op'ning bud, and gave you names,  
 “ Who now shall rear you to the sun, and rank

“ Your tribes, and water from th’ ambrosial fount ?  
 “ Thee lastly, nuptial bow’r ! by me adorn’d  
 “ With what to fight, or smell was sweet ; from thee  
 “ How shall I part, and whither wander down  
 “ Into a lower world, to this obscure,  
 “ And wild ; how shall we breathe in other air  
 “ Less pure, accustom’d to immortal fruits ?”

## A D A M.

Lament not, EVE ! but patiently resign  
 What justly we have lost, nor set thine heart  
 Thus overfond on that which is not ours.  
 Thy going is not lonely—I will guard  
 Thy steps from harm, and all thy wants supply.

## E V E.

ADAM ! I feel within new life, new hopes  
 By Heav’n, and thee inspir’d. Then now lead on,  
 In me is no delay. “ With thee to go,  
 “ Is to stay here. Without thee here to stay,  
 “ Is to go hence unwilling. Thou to me

“ Art

“ Art all things under Heav’n, all places thou!  
 “ Who for my wilful crime art banish’d hence.”

This further consolation yet secure  
 I carry hence—tho’ all by me is lost,  
 Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf’d,  
 By me the promis’d Seed shall all restore.

So spake our mother EVE. And ADAM heard  
 Well pleas’d, but answer’d not. For now too nigh  
 The Cherubim advanc’d; and, in their front,  
 The brandish’d sword of God before them blaz’d,  
 Fierce as a comet, which, with torrid-heat,  
 Smote on that clime, so late their blest abode!  
 Some nat’ral tears they drop’d, but wip’d them soon;  
 The world was all before them, where to chuse  
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

CHORUS: ALLEGRO.

“ The world was all before them, where to chuse  
 “ Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.”



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TO THE  
COMPOSER.

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THE form of this piece is an Historical Drama, for this reason, amongst others, viz. the better to preserve the very words and manner of MILTON, which must have been frequently alter'd, and in many instances greatly injur'd by any other method. The Recitative consequently is of two kinds, *narrative*, and *interlocutory*. Again, the *narrative* is either *descriptive*, as in Act I. Scene I. and other places, or else *introductory* to the dialogue, as  
Scene

Scene II. and elsewhere. The Composer will do well to have an eye to these distinctions, as mere *description*, or the *introductory narrative* will admit of a different kind of Recitative from the *conversation part*; the one being like *painting in still-life*, the other resembling the *portraits of living manners*.

Perhaps he will wish that the Dialogue contained less of the Recitative, and more of the Air, and Chorus. The Compiler however is of opinion that there is a due proportion of each. And if there is less opportunity for flourishes, and repetitions, there is more room for spirited, and sensible expression, to assist the effect of the Dialogue upon the passions of the hearers, by means of an animated and pathetic Recitative, as well as by a full exertion of the force of musical language in the Airs, where the length of the performance will but seldom admit of dwelling for a long time together in a display of the minute excellencies of this art.

If the Composer should think that in some places the Recitative is continued too long without the intervention of *Airs*, in this case he will find fit places for *Airs*, besides what his own judgment will suggest to him, marked in this manner, page 244, &c.

“ I, from the influence of thy looks, receive.”

Again. If he should think the parts assign'd for musical airs too prolix, in some places they may be shorten'd, as in the Morning-Hymn, from

Fairest of Stars last in the train of Night,  
page 248, to

Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise,  
in page 250.

The Compiler is sensible that he ought to make an apology to a Composer, for presuming to interfere so much in his province, and he hopes the true reason will be accepted as such, viz. that having bestowed more attention upon this work



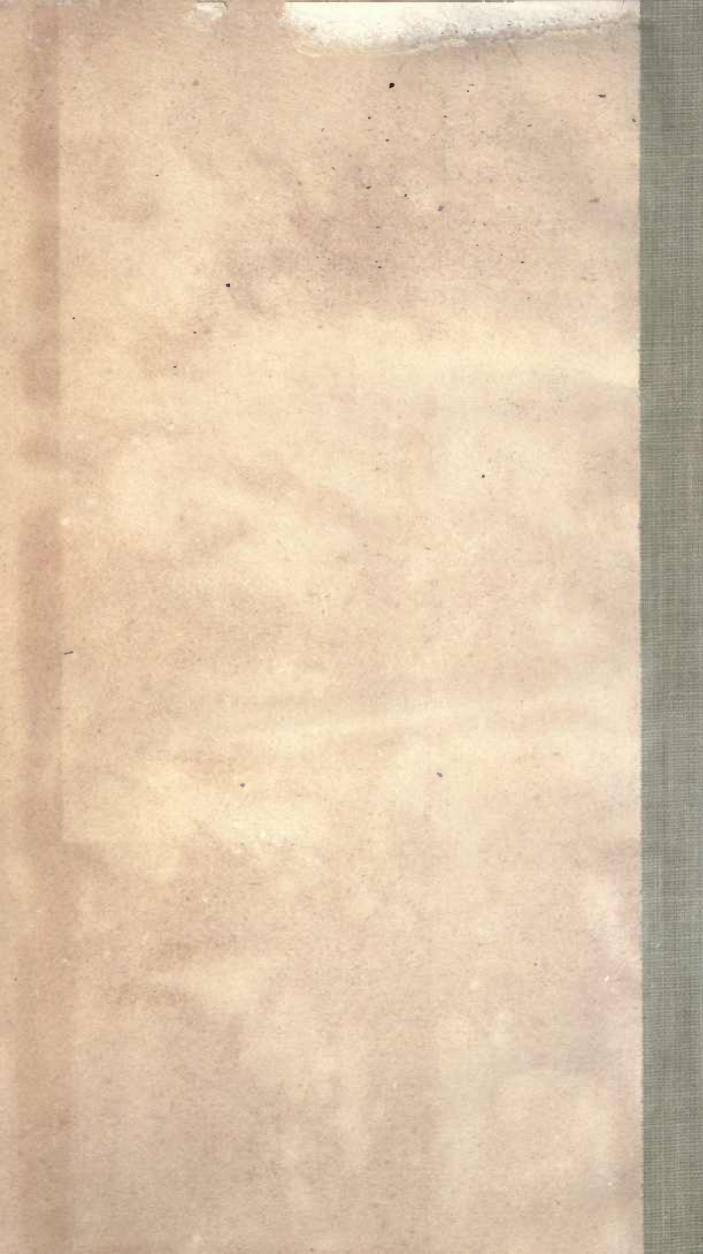
than it was likely any other person would, he thought himself capable of pointing out the division of it into its several parts of Act, Scene, Recitative, Air, Song, Chorus, and the like ; and of suggesting some few hints concerning the musical expression in general, though he confesses himself incapable, at the same time, of executing the most minute article of it.

F I N I S.

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